CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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ON PISGAH

BY W. D. EATON

The grave means nothing, and death has no sting.
The unseen only lives immortally.
Above the plain that we call life, and far beyond
Stretches the realm of light, that has no shade,
The little slumber and the folding of the hands
Are only at the door of the long home
To which we go, inheritors of life.

So Moses there, alone with God on Pisgah,
Looked out across the promised land, and saw
The land of living, and the eternal peace
That knows not time, nor space, nor boundaries,
But breathes the beauty that all dreamers dream,
He the forerunner saw the world to come,
And Jesus conquering death.

Drawn by F. D. Schwalm

First Aids to Cupid, see page 987

"WHEW!" SAID JACK, "BUT THAT TREE'S A WHOPPER"

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VII. LONDON, DECEMBER NUMBER 2

THE GREATEST WRITTEN WORD

IN THIS plain fashion, better than any other great thing ever was told, we have the story of two worlds commingling on that night, now almost two thousand years ago, when there came the announcement of a change that has not yet fulfilled itself. Hear Luke as he tells it:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . . . .

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward men.

And flying up that symphony, the angels "were gone away from them into heaven."

So we have word of that Babe, whose mission was to shake down the powers that were, and traverse the ages with a new power, purely of the spirit, which has mastered most of the races of men, and sorely troubles the others. To the mind of the narrator, these supernal happenings were as of natural course, and so, in simple terms, he gives them.

No word of man has any nobler majesty than this of Luke's. Bringing together the ends of the universe, and speaking in terms that take the supernal as granted, it stands forth among all writings as the most beautiful, the most transcendent, of descriptions. It comprehends cosmos.

The heralding of the Prince of Peace could not have been told in language purer or more complete. It is the greatest written word. It befits the advent of the Benign One, who in His tenancy of the flesh was a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief, but whose work, sown among the lowly, progresses through all time. God speaks through humble instruments, even as then He spake, that His truth may be "understanded of the peoples," by the lowliest minds among them, and yet illumine the loftiest. For it is of the essence of life, and like His mercy, endureth forever.

THE PHILOSOPHER

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

HIS very house stands alone: austere, ivy-covered. The great oaks, the elms and even the chestnuts in his park conspire to shelter it a little from the vulgar gaze of other houses that line the streets, the boundaries to his grounds. It stands upon a little eminence of lawn to which the drive attains after sweeping around beneath the trees and to which the straight gravel path rises by a few steps of stone, hollowed by the feet of visitors and by the gentle force of falling rain.

The high wooden gate hangs slightly awry on its hinges and creaks as you enter. The leaves of the oak, whose eloquent branches reach low over the path make a crisp sound as they crumble into brown powder under your feet. At the foot of the elm that stands beside the path, in the centre of the park an old bench patiently offers rest to all who pass. The house, gathering its straggling wings beside it under the gently sloping lines which fall from the low gable, courteously waits for you behind its square-paned windows. It is first its dignity that speaks, then its simplicity, and after that its stillness grows upon you. If you see it again and again, perhaps, you will feel a subtle something which is more than dignity, simplicity or stillness: it is a sober sadness, like that of a long autumn or some great thing that has failed. But the house has not failed.

The lines of the stone-pillared porch are still and straight. The handle of the door, the knocker, the handle of the bell, reflect distorted images in the cold neutrality of polished brass. Having rung, you wait, and a creeping

wind touches the ivy leaves that are dying on the walls beside the porch as though it were asking of each of them the question which they answer, trembling. Those that are ready drop to the earth quietly, in twos and threes. The wind touches the big elm and the elm, whispering, makes a sound like that of a woman, as she passes.

And within his house you will find him,—Dr. Goldwin Smith. Out of the soft lights and stillness, in the air of old books and the presence of the paintings of men of whom you have merely heard, or read in books, comes a tall figure, pale and fragile. An old servant, deft in courtesies, has opened the door before the Master of the Grange. He wears a black library-cap above his long face. His eyes are deep set, but frank and kind. The nose is long, the mouth firm, and under the chin a black cravat marks the long throat. In him,a dignity, a simplicity, a repose and even perhaps a sadness —the same qualities that pervade the mansion itself.

* * * *

Long ago he came to Canada, and she, proud to have so eminent a stranger within her gates, gave him a place among her own native-born great. In that place he has remained ever since, growing always just a little further from England and becoming more and more surrounded with the affairs of the big new country. The suave Laurier, shrewd William Mackenzie, blunt Mabee, inscrutable Hayes, astute Van Horne, Irish Shaughnessy, beneficent Strathcona and the disappointed Tupper—these are his fellows on the bench where we keep the great. He sits with them, yet he is not one of them. He is a man apart, alone, isolated,—grown old. They are the natural product of the country and of its needs. They have given it railways, canals and bridges, dams and roads, policies and administrations, justice and diplomatic standing; but Goldwin Smith could not have built a railroad, nor calculated the strain-sheet of a bridge. The keen sword of technical justice might have been un-

AT THE FOOT OF AN ELM, AN OLD BENCH OFFERS REST TO ALL WHO PASS

steady in his hands. It is not probable that he could have administered a government better than common men, or that he could have negotiated an *entente*. So men have wondered, not unkindly—of what use is he, or such as he, to Canada?

He is a pensive weaver who has never woven, who could not weave: but who has spent his life studying earnestly the movements of that terrible loom which is driven by the engine of restless humanity, whose Author and Controller is Mystery, whose awful shuttles carry the threads of wars and riots and murders across the warp or move in the stillness of peace.

He studies that loom to see if he can detect the warp-threads on which the ribbon of history is woven, or with what destinies the bobbins are wound, or to calculate the pattern of the future by the pattern of the past. He is a philosopher of history,—the fine product of an ancient culture set down in a new civilization that is as noisy as a fall fair and tremendously busy making an honest living.

A question asked by a reporter when interviewing Dr. Smith on his eighty-sixth birthday seemed to provoke a reminiscent mood in the revered philosopher.

"The one ambition of my life," he said, "was to hold the professorship of history at Oxford. I attained it, but later, domestic duties called me away. I was invited by Dr. Cornell to assist in founding Cornell University in America. I came to the United States and subsequently visited Toronto, where I married and so settled myself for life.

"Canada," he continued, slowly and perhaps a little sadly, "is not a literary field. To the east is the French province; to the west a line of new provinces in new country.

"Then, too, I have sometimes thought that one's writings do not receive in the centres of learning in the old lands, the same consideration from the critics, when one writes from Canada as when one writes in the midst of them. In the old days" (quietly), "I mingled with men of my tastes; we met one another and knew one another personally. There was a sort of fraternity that made even one's critics more kind and considerate."

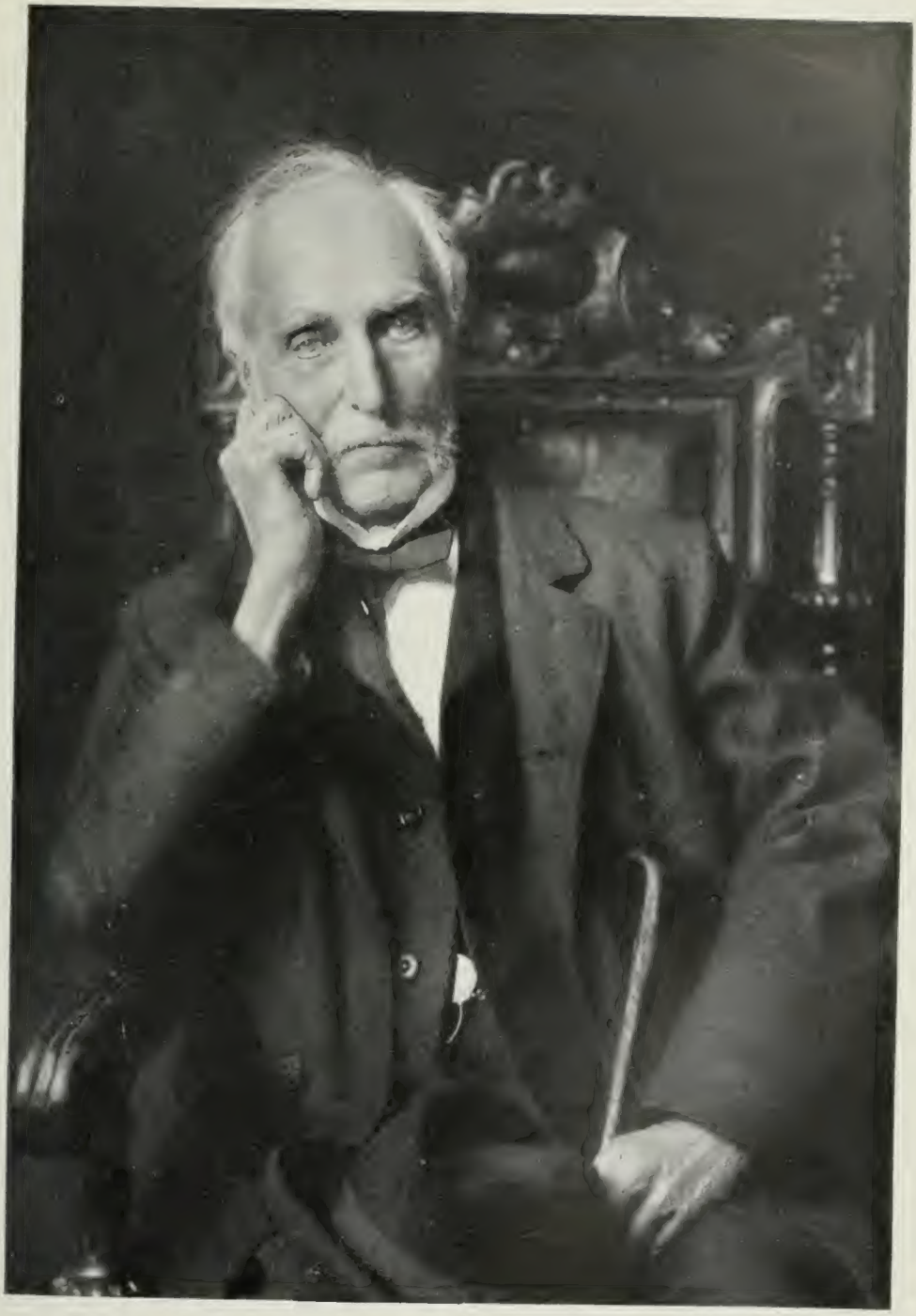
Ambassadors, statesmen, and scholars make pilgrimages to Goldwin Smith's house when they are in this country. Perhaps it is they who remind him of the great men he knew and the distilled culture which is preserved at Oxford, but which in Canada must be neglected for the needs of the moment and the building up of things for the day after to-morrow. Goldwin Smith is too broad and too high a figure to be pathetic, but a lesser man's utterances and life under the same conditions might be expected to be tinged with something akin to pathos.

* * * * * * *

If the world were peopled with Goldwin Smiths it is doubtful if civilization would move as quickly as it does. On the other hand if there were none of his kind to leaven the world with a measure of conservatism it might follow that the world would end in a sort of political spontaneous combustion. "The Agitator" has his part, the ruthless scientist who wrecks God with his much knowledge and measures the infinite in the thimble of the finite, has his part. Goldwin Smith stands somewhere between: rather far removed from the agitator and yet a little distant from the extremes of scientific self-satisfaction.

It is a certain calm faith in the ultimate goodness of things that makes Goldwin Smith loved even by those who could not agree with all that he says. He is far from orthodox, but at least he admits that there is a bound to all that a man can know. He reverences honest mystery.

Perhaps that is why he has been accused of that thing so fatal to the highest intellectual attainment—prejudice. Men have said carelessly that he has accomplished nothing. They have whispered that his life is a failure. But no one answers. There is no need. What Goldwin Smith might have been had he remained at Oxford or even in the company of the Dons, is one thing: what he has done here is another. He needs no explanation. True, great philosophers have been



GOLDWIN SMITH

HIS VERY HOUSE STANDS ALONE, AUSTERE, IVY-CLAD

known to fail in the solving of some concrete problem, but then, that does not mitigate the worth of their philosophy. Goldwin Smith has had a subtle influence on higher education in America. His sage advice, who said of a university that its highiest function is the production of good and great citizens—was felt, rather than heard, in the re-organization of the University of Toronto.

How many scholars have known the stimulus of his freely-given intellectual intercourse? How many are the public men who have gone to him, quietly, and asked and received his advice on the general principles underlying some problem? How many of the men, the policies and wise acts of administration may not have been connected in some way with the old man in the Grange or with his writings?

The greatest philosophers in the last one hundred years might be said to have left little behind them save their personalities. Their books may contain a few—but only a few—new thoughts. The sayings of one philosopher differ from those of another only as the view points of the two men differ and according to the different value which each attaches to the same thought. Much of their writing that seems new is but a collection of old ideas in new suits of clothes or standing on their heads. Carlisle and Emerson, to those who love them, are characters, not mere writers.

Thackeray who was more philosopher than men commonly think, is the great wholesome cynic who speaks in every page of every novel he ever wrote, and yet whose name appears nowhere save on the title page. Playwriters and mere narrators are not so, but Tennyson, Longfellow and Whittier—they too are philosophers of a sort. We see the men between the lines.

So with Goldwin Smith. Those who read his best works and whose sensitiveness is not dulled by prejudice on the topic, will conjure up from between the leaves the noble character of the man who filled them with his thoughts.

As Carlisle, the rough, terse Scotchman lives in "Hero Worship" and Emerson, the cultured dreamer who strung sentences and thought together like pearls on a string and called them essays in which we see his image—so shall the Dean of Canadian journalism live in his books as a man with much learning and yet with a reverence for

THE PATH TRODDEN BY AMBASSADORS, STATESMEN AND SCHOLARS

the unknowable, a man of prejudices yet of breadth and of a sure belief in the kindness of whatever Destiny rules the earth and the stars—a pensive master of expression and philosophy, alone, truly, in Canada, but in his writings, a companion of all that is best in the whole world.

THE SISTER OF HOPE

BY MARGARET KENNA

LOVE and Hope sat together in Paradise. Love looked into Hope's eyes, and was content. Love, so strong, tender, daring, was worshipped by the world. Hope was frail and weak and beautiful; and she was all-in-all to Love. Together they watched in awe and wonder, while Nature pictured to them his mighty deeds. Together they listened to his tales of many lands, of skies where lights and shadows tuned sweet harmonies; of seas where lived the nymphs and naiads, driven from the woodland pools and streams. Together they watched and listened; together they lived and loved.

One day Hope died. Love, wounded to the heart, wandered forth into a lonesome land, where flowers refused to bloom and deathful mists o'erswept the way by which he would return.

Exhaustion overcame him; he paused wearily in his aimless course, footsore, discouraged. And standing thus, marvelling at the strangeness of the world about him, dazed and questioning, his eyes fell upon a beautiful figure clad in robes of grey.

"I know you—you are Memory," said Love.

She kissed his lips and eyes.

"Yes, I am Memory," she answered; "I am Hope's sister," and her soft, sad tones fell like balm upon Love's heart. "I will guide you back to the world which you have known. I will sit beside you, where Hope sat."

ROOSEVELT'S RIVAL

BY "NYMPO"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"AND is it true, Bill, you met and shook hands with Bryan; I mean the real William Jennings Bryan; the fellow that has been running as lead horse of the Democratic party for so many years?"

"Yes, sir; and if he had been a drinking man, he would have taken a drink with me," and Bill, the center of an admiring group in a small town of Manitoba, reached over and gave the stove a good shaking.

"Tell us about it."

"What did he look like?"

"I never saw him, but I voted for him in '96; that was the November before I homesteaded up here and learned then 'God Save the King' words to the Yankee tune of America," volunteered Watkins, the newly-elected reeve of the municipality.

"Go on, Bill, loosen up."

"It ain't much of a story, and yet with the trimmings I reckon I could stretch it out for awhile."

"Go to it, old fellow, trimmings and all. There ain't nothin' about the peerless leader that we don't want to know."

THREE BEFORE BREAKFAST

"Well, boys, it was cold that morning. Leastways it seemed cold. It was the first breath from the north we got after as fine a fall as Manitoba ever had. There was a stiff breeze blowing 'cross the lake, which accounted for the marsh not being frozen tighter than a drum. Looked to me like as if it would be the last chance at the ducks, for the night before I saw them bunchin' up, as they do when they get that message from the south by wireless that it's time to move. I pulled off from the shack just before day and hadn't gone a hundred yards before I wished I had put on a little mite more clothes. You all know what a bite a north wind gets when it comes across a lake. It made me paddle some to start the fires of my heart and get warm a bit, and I was real glad when I got into the big reeds, for it broke the wind. Now I've been hunting some in my life. Away back there in the early seventies when the old Red River carts were as common in Winnipeg as the electric cars are now, this country about Oak Lake enjoyed some reputation for ducks. But shoot me for a mud hen, if I ever saw in those days any more ducks than I did the morning I met Bryan. As I was a-sayin', I was glad to get in them rushes, and the way the ducks were flyin' about reminded me of the blackbirds in the south, that fly so thick they darken the sun. I had promised myself not to shoot until I reached my blind, where everything was fixed up nice and comfortable. The sun was peekin' over the bosom of the lake, and it was some pretty. I was dreamin' like, and had stopped paddlin' to watch a bunch of ducks start to 'dart' off to the west a couple of hundred yards. Just then somebody shot twice, and the lead duck, a big green head mallard just crumpled up in the air—you've seen 'em do it a hundred times—and dropped in the marsh deader'n a door nail. Just

"SAY, TAKE IT FROM ME, BRYAN IS THE REAL THING"

then some fellow busted out singin':

'With a quack, quack, quack
And feathers on its back
I wouldn't be a duck, would you?'

"Now I hadn't calculated anybody would be out in the marsh so early, although I had seen smoke comin' out of that lodge that Minister Coldwell and some of the Brandon fellows built two years ago. And say, fellows, you oughter have heard that fellow sing. He had a fustrate voice, and gee, he was some happy, standin' there in a boat with Dr. Jones, the Yankee Consul-General. I knowed Jones, havin' met him out Dauphin way shootin' big game. But the other fellow had me guessin'. I paddled up to their blind, said howdy to the Doc, and asked him if he and his friend would like a wee nippy.

"'Nothin' doin' in this blind, Bill,' said the Doc, 'but come up closer. I want you to shake hands with Mr. William Jennings Bryan.'

"Say fellows, take it from me, Bryan is the real thing. 'Hello, Bill,' says Bryan, just like he had known me for years. 'Had any luck?'

"'No, sir, but I'm on my way.' Then I asked the Doc who had shot the duck. 'The big democratic noise,' he replied. Then Bryan smiled.

"Say! you ought to see him smile once. It's like the sun after a week's rain.

"'Yes,' said Bryan, 'I killed him. The Consul-General here, because I had missed three easy shots, told me the ducks hereabouts were all republican ducks.'

"Then we all had a bully laugh. I clean forgot all about why I was in the marsh until Bryan yelled, 'Git down'. I ducked fast as I could, but the ducks had seen us and were off. 'Well, Mr. Bryan,' I said, as I started off for my blind, 'that was a cracking good shot of yours awhile ago.' 'Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed,' called Mr. Bryan after me. 'No, sir; not Sir Hubert,' I called back, 'but just plain Bill Skinner.' Say, boys, you should have heard them fellows laugh. The Doc must have given Bryan a steer to call me Sir Hubert."

"What did he look like?" ventured Watkins.

"You know yourself you can't tell much about a man's looks when he's togged up in a huntin' outfit. And he was togged up some all right, all right. Looked like a bushman with his sheep lined coat and big gloves. Guess he hasn't done much duck huntin'."

BRYAN AND "TIP" HELLIWELL
"The two greatest sports in the world"

"He ain't had time," said Watkins. "He's been too busy huntin' for something else." Everybody laughed, even the Englishman just over from the Old Country, who explained an hour later that he understood from the remark that Mr. Bryan had devoted all his time to stalking big game, "a jolly sport".

I had been an interested member of that country store congregation, and Bill Skinner's description of Bryan won him several drinks. So the Great Commoner had been shooting wild ducks in Manitoba. I determined to find out something more about it.

When Mr. Bryan visited Winnipeg

"HERE'S WHERE I MAKE ROOSEVELT JEALOUS"

last May, it seems he told Dr. Jones, the Yankee Consul-General, that when he came this way in the fall from the Seattle fair he would like to go duck shooting with him. The Hon. G. R. Coldwell, Minister of Education, heard about the matter, and forestalled a number of others who wanted to entertain Mr. Bryan by inviting him and Dr. Jones to shoot at the Brandon Club at Oak Lake. The invitation was accepted, and late in October, the party started from Brandon. It was a merry crowd, and the merriest of them all was Mr. Bryan. He was going to forget all about politics and business, and just enjoy himself. How well he did all this is told in the archives of the club, where his record kill of thirty-five ducks recalls in pleasant memory what a genial camp spirit he is, and how thoroughly he made himself one of the finest bunch of men who ever organized a club.

When Mr. Bryan learned definitely of the plans, he busied himself in buying a proper equipment. Alas! in the little town where he stopped there was no sporting goods store, and he had to content himself with a sheep lined bushman's coat, a driving cap and a pair of heavy gloves. He did find a pair of half-length waders, and thus equipped was waiting for the signal to go. Minister G. R. Coldwell had contributed his gun, and when the party landed at Oak Lake and took a carriage for the clubhouse a dozen miles away, Mr. Bryan remarked he had everything necessary but the "Eye."

It was quite dark when they arrived at the club, which has a well and comfortably built house right on the edge of Oak Lake, commanding an enormous preserve in the shape of several thousand acres of marsh land. There were just eight who answered to the supper summons that night, and every man of them was a sport, even the Presbyterian Dominie who had been a former member of the club. The Dominie was the real canvas-back. He enjoyed a good story, smoked a pipe with rare relish, and I have reason to believe would go to a little Scotch tonsil varnish if he found his throat parched and his system in need of the medicine.

And what a supper that was! Mr. Bryan was given the seat of honor to the right of Minister Coldwell, who by the way is president of the club. That was the only style they put on, for Mr. Bryan soon put them all at ease by telling some good campaign yarns of himself. Nine big fat mallards steaming hot, with those Manitoba potatoes you read about and can't beat, hot bread, preserves, coffee that might have been brewed by the chef on Olympus, and best of all, a hearty Canadian welcome, conspired to complete a bill

of fare fit for the gods. And how that bunch did eat! Minister Coldwell, after looking around the table, suggested that perhaps each man could tackle half a duck. His guess was as conservative as he is. Each man disposed of a whole duck, and there was monstrous little left of the ninth for the cook.

It was near midnight when the "sand man" got in his work. No one really wanted to go to bed. But the morrow was to be spent in a strenuous life, and the "Commoner" was tired anyhow.

How interesting Mr. Bryan was that night. He carried the party with him through three campaigns, and then for a jaunt around the world, rehearsing interesting experiences in every clime, and introducing characters who have made history.

Mr. Bryan wanted to know all about duck shooting. He said to "Tip" Helliwell, than whom there is no greater hunter in Manitoba, "Tip, I'm going to devote more time to hunting. I don't believe in a man hunting for big game, for that involves a risk of human life, but I want more outdoor life, and I am beginning to believe duck shooting is the real thing."

"Bet your life, Mr. Bryan. There's nothing like it. Why, look at me. I've passed a good many milestones, but if what they say about a man being as old as he feels is true, I'm just thirty to-day. I tell you, medicine has no place in a man's kit if he gets out and becomes a part of nature. God Almighty never intended a man to be shut up in houses all the time."

"Did you hear Mr. Bryan snore last night?" inquired the Consul-General when he made his appearance. "He roared so hard it curdled the milk."

"Hear that exaggeration, boys?" said Mr. Bryan. "But I came near forgetting that Jones is a Republican, which accounts for his vagaries."

"Get a bellyfull this morning," volunteered the Dominie, when we had all taken our places at the table, "for we are not coming back until every man has shot the limit, and it's some cold out there in the marsh."

That advice was quite unnecessary. One who witnessed that destruction of food would never have suspected that a big supper had been demolished the night before.

Mr. Bryan had slept over what "Tip" Helliwell had said, and was up and out before breakfast to get a shot on the land as the ducks passed to the lake. I secured a snapshot just as he was picking up his first duck, a fine blue-bill, and caught him again as he was coming up the path with three more to his credit as the sum total of the before breakfast shoot.

When at length he came into the dining room, he said:

"It begins to look to me as if I were going to be shot at as often as the ducks."

He was right, for every man had a camera, and Mr. Bryan was IT.

Breakfast over, the party got busy.

MINISTER G. R. COLDWELL AND WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

The hired man came around with his wheel barrow, and into it was piled all the shooting paraphernalia of the party.

"All right, Mr. Bryan," called Minister Coldwell, and off the two started.

"Wait a minute, please," called out Consul-General Jones, "I want to get a picture of the two greatest sports in the world."

With that he posed Mr. Bryan with "Tip" Helliwell, and snapped them.

"Better not let Teddy hear of your calling me a great sport," laughed Mr. Bryan, after he had been "shot".

At the clubhouse landing we found a dozen or more canoes all equipped with comfortable back rests, and lots of fine dry hay.

Mr. Bryan evinced the greatest interest in the decoys and pitched in with the rest of the boys to help load up. Meanwhile he was the target for a perfect fusillade of shots. But he seemed to enjoy the fun. Later in the day, while in the blind, he caught up his gun and pointing it at an imaginary duck, called out:

"Here's where I make Roosevelt jealous."

When the evening shadows began to fall, the canoes started for home. Everybody was anxious to learn of the other fellow's luck. Mr. Bryan had done well, but the republican party, as reflected in Consul-General Jones, had a large majority.

That night at supper Mr. Bryan said he couldn't help but recall that beautiful couplet from William Cullen Bryant whenever he missed:

"'Vainly doth the fowler's eye mark thy distant flight to do thee harm'."

And then it came time to say good-bye. Mr. Bryan took occasion to say how much he had enjoyed the outing; how thoroughly at home the members of the club had made him feel, and how he would return to his home in Nebraska with still another argument for the brotherhood of man. Before he left, Mr. Bryan wrote in the club's register the following:

"None-Better is an alias for Buffalo Lodge, and it applies to the members of the gun club as well."

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

BY DOROTHY GREENE

WITHOUT, the world is white and still,
Within is Christmas cheer.
Above the tread of dancing feet
The music rises clear.
The walls are hung with holly sprays,
The Yule-log's ruddy glow
Flickers across a merry throng
Beneath the mistletoe.

Yet though the leaping firelight plays
On faces bright and fair,
There ever comes a memory,
Of one who is not there.
And as I dance I think of her
I kissed a year ago,
When in her cheeks the roses bloomed,
Beneath the mistletoe.

THE ALTAR OF DIANA

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WERVEKE

YOU could nowhere have found a happier group than that which gathered for Christmas dinner at Dr. Ashcombe's. As yet, thank God, there was, through death or distance, no vacant chair. Harold and Tom had "blown in" tempestuously from college, filling the old house with noisy laughter and glad confusion. The doctor's eyes twinkled, as he now listened to the young collegians recounting, with the modesty native to autobiographers, their football exploits, each being the confessed hero of many stricken fields. He was proud of his tall, virile sons, and the unfulfilled ambitions of his own youth glowed again for them.

But it was Ruth who sat beside him, in all the wistful sweetness of her budding womanhood, and who knew no rival in his heart. Her mother was very still, feasting her deep, brown eyes upon the glad, boyish faces, and well content to let her heart drink quietly its benediction of joy. Blake, the twelve-year-old, manifested an admirable willingness to assume the burden of the conversation, but, discouraged by neglect, he retired into obscurity until upon the arrival of the pudding there mysteriously descended from the ceiling a placard bearing the agreeable admonition: "England expects every man this day to do his duty," when he briefly emerged into the general eye only to suffer an immediate eclipse.

For it was at this moment, as Ruth often afterward recalled, that the telephone rang.

"It will be for father, of course," growled Tom, dismally. "It's just like people's meanness and ignorance to be sick on Christmas,—or to pretend they are," he added, cynically.

"It's a long distance call, and for you, mother," called Ruth. "It's from Ottawa. So it must be Dick."

Mrs. Ashcombe hurriedly joined her, and for a minute exchanged Christmas greetings with her nephew. Then she handed the receiver back to her daughter.

"Many thanks for the book," Ruth heard Dick say, "but why so expensive a joke?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that leather-bound copy of *The Life Work of Great Reformers* I

received this morning. You've always sent me such ripping stories."

"Why, Dick, I sent you *Diana's Mad Lovers*, the craziest book printed in years!"

"Well, anyway, that's what I got, and ——"

Here they were cut off. Ruth pondered for a moment, and then went slowly back to the dining-room, wearing an expression so woebegone that all turned questioning eyes.

"I've done the most terrible, the most appalling thing," she faltered, with the remote forewarning of a little

RUTH

sob in her voice. "I've sent—*Diana's Mad—Lovers*—to—Aunt Ellerton!"

Blake laughed. That boy would laugh anywhere.

Aunt Ellerton was Ruth's grandaunt, who lived at Peterboro, forty miles away. Uncle Hezekiah Ellerton had persuaded a million people to add a new joy to existence by eating *Oatena*, a predigested breakfast food, unrivalled as a builder of brain and muscle. ("Save the coupons. They are valuable.") Upon his decease, Aunt Ellerton became the acknowledged and undisputed head of all that bore the name. She was whatever you think of as typifying power,—Grand Llama, Great Cham, Empress Dowager. She was able to command the awe of the young and the deference of their elders. Nor did a closer acquaintance serve to lessen the respect with which she was regarded.

With a sleepless and unerring eye she superintended the superintendents of the *Oatena* works, who had reason to realize that she had not permitted her grief to enfeeble her intellect. During her spare time, as a recreation, she threw herself with violent energy into church and society work, and was instantly elected president of the Ladies'-Aid, a Missionary Society, the Dorcas Society, the Busy Bees and the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Female Domestics.

It had been understood for several years that she was resolved to visit Europe as soon as the ocean would quiet down a little. As a woman of sixty-two was not likely to attempt this invasion unattended, there was a hope, that had developed into a belief, that she would invite one of her nieces to accompany her. She had already asked Ruth to visit her in the early spring, and this would not be the veracious chronicle that it is if it should conceal the fact that the young lady was not without secret hope that something might come of it.

Pause a moment and suppose that you had a childless aunt who already had an amount of money that seemed positively sinful; with hundreds of thousands of people strengthening brain and muscle three times a day upon *Oatena*, so that peradventure they might in the course of time secure a cuckoo clock that ran just long enough to cause rejoicing when paralysis seized it; suppose such a case, I repeat, and wouldn't you be decently eager to prove that the whole movement and color of your mind was responsive to hers?

When the first shock of her discovery had abated, Ruth, with that calm sadness with which one speaks of the loved and lost, descanted upon the

pains she had taken in selecting Aunt Ellerton's gift. The binding made the book a delight to the eye, while the contents were such as to prove of enthralling interest to her. It had been warmly commended by a bishop (whose name had escaped her memory) and it was illustrated by portraits of the reformers, and pictures of their graves.

She remembered distinctly that this book and *Diana's Mad Lovers* were sent to the post at the same time. They were much of a size—and she did hope it would be a lesson to her never again to wrap a second parcel until she had addressed the first.

What would Aunt Ellerton think of it? That was the question; or rather, there wasn't any question at all. Another niece would get her invitation now; and goodness knew there were plenty of them.

THE YOUNG COLLEGIANS RECOUNTED THEIR FOOTBALL EXPLOITS

In a few days there came the customary note from her aunt, thanking the family for its gifts.

"Of course, she hasn't read it yet," commented Ruth, "but glory be, she has survived the first blow, anyway."

When, six weeks later, the earlier invitation from Aunt Ellerton was repeated, Ruth had an impulse to plead that she was needed at home. Her second thought was to write that she would come, and she acted upon it at once. "I can let her reform me," she suggested hopefully, and went.

She was met at the station by James, who from time out of mind had combined in his sole person the offices of coachman, stable-boy, gardener and furnace-man

"Your aunt had to attend a meeting this afternoon," he explained, as he took charge of her and her belongings. "Why, I hardly knew you; you have grown so in the last three years!"

When Ruth had dressed, she went down into the library to await her aunt. Half-timidly, she scanned the shelves for "Diana," but that peccant volume was nowhere to be seen. A wild and improbable hope beat at her heart that the thing had failed to reach its destination. She recalled that there had been several wrecks about Christmas, and perhaps the hand of a watchful and beneficent Providence had obliterated her unhappy error, even though it had required so vigorous a measure to accomplish it.

But well she knew that the gift had simply been repudiated. As she gazed at the formidable works that formed the literary pasturage of her redoubtable relative, the full and glaring enormity of her offence against her aunt's tastes smote upon her. One might as well expect to find comic valentines in the playful Emerson as *Diana's Mad Lovers* in the respectable aridity of this library.

Aunt Ellerton looked not a day older nor mellower than she had three years before. She greeted Ruth laconically, but not unkindly. She was in evident good humor over, as it proved, her afternoon's skirmish in the Ladies' Aid with Mrs. Willoughby Thompson, the too-daring leader of an insurgent faction.

"I think I can foresee," she said, with grim satisfaction, "where that woman is going to bury herself so deep that she won't have even starlight to comfort her."

All during tea, Ruth felt her aunt's eye upon her. She felt as the small boy feels who has been caught fishing during the Sunday School hour, and who awaits judgment.

When they were back in the old-fashioned library, Aunt Ellerton turned suddenly upon Ruth:

"However did you come to send me that 'Diana' book? Last year, you remember, you sent me *The Beauties of Spurgeon*."

Ruth knew that the crisis was upon her. She felt herself swaying in the balance, and found wanting.

"Aunt Ellerton," she began, hurriedly, "I wanted to write to explain my sending it, but ——"

"Never mind. Did you read it yourself?"

This was a loop-hole. Oh, if she could only have taken advantage of it!

"Y-e-s, I read it," she confessed, "and of course, it's frivolous and shallow. I knew that you wouldn't care for such a book. Not that I see any harm in it. It was all a mistake—"

"Harm in it!" interrupted Aunt Ellerton, to her dumb amazement. "I shouldn't think there is! Do you know, you're the first one in years that has sent me a book I could read. It's mighty reviving at my age to have discovered you. I'm about tired of the way I've been treated by you girls."

"Why, what have we done?" asked Ruth.

"Done!" repeated the older woman, warming up as she proceeded. "Just look at the books I have to pretend to be grateful for! I have some money (though not a great deal, Ruth), but I'm glad not to be overlooked at Christmas, just the same. But am I a petrified stone mummy? That's what I want to know.

"Books are sensible things to send," she pursued. "I'm thankful to say that no one would dare to send me a pair of yarn slippers. The last dozen or so books on that shelf are the last offerings. Just look at them and tell me if you'd enjoy having to live with them. *The Higher Criticism Criticized*—that's from Elizabeth. She doesn't know what the title means. She has described me to the bookstore man, and let him do his worst. Your cousin Mary sent me *Holy Dying*. What makes old maids so queer, anyway? I'm not going to take it as a suggestion, either. Edna, you know, was expelled from school twice for bad behaviour. She sent *The Beauty of Service*, hoping that the recipient would enjoy it as much as the giver had. I told her I knew I should. Alice reads three novels a week and is going to marry a politician, and her contribution is *The Life Work of Great Reformers*." (Ruth started.) "Half the pictures are of tombstones! Then there are *The Pioneers of Patagonia*, *Shall I Tithe?* *The Romance of Babylonian Civilization*, *The Menace of Wealth*, and a whole lot more. I'm going to give them all to the preacher. It will be a mean thing to do, for he's a delicate man, but he's paid for it, and if he refuses them I'll reduce my subscription."

"But I don't see 'Diana'," hinted Ruth, her curiosity conquering her fast-receding awe.

First closing the room door, Aunt Ellerton unlocked a drawer below a book-case. It was crammed with books, and as Ruth surveyed them the last vestige of her fear vanished. This was her aunt's closet, and these her skeletons. Mary J. Holmes was evidently her favorite, but Bertha M. Clay, Mrs. Southworth, Laura Jean Libbey and The Duchess were well represented. Even "Diana" might well object to the quality of her associates.

"There isn't a single one of them that doesn't end right," boasted their possessor proudly. "I've had many a comfortable hour with them here. . . . . You play and sing, of course?"

"Yes, a little."

"Then we'll have you at it this very night," declared her aunt, with enthusiasm.

"Jane!" she called.

That young woman appeared.

"Are you going out to-night?" inquired her mistress.

Jane, it appeared, had not thought of going out.

"Then I want to give you all a real treat. There's a lecture in the church

on 'Canada's Great Northland,' and you and cook and James may go."

"But Martha is complaining of a bad headache," parleyed Jane, hopelessly, "and I promised to stay with her."

"Nonsense!" snapped Aunt Ellerton. "It will do you both good to go. I haven't tickets, but get good seats and remind me of it at the end of the month."

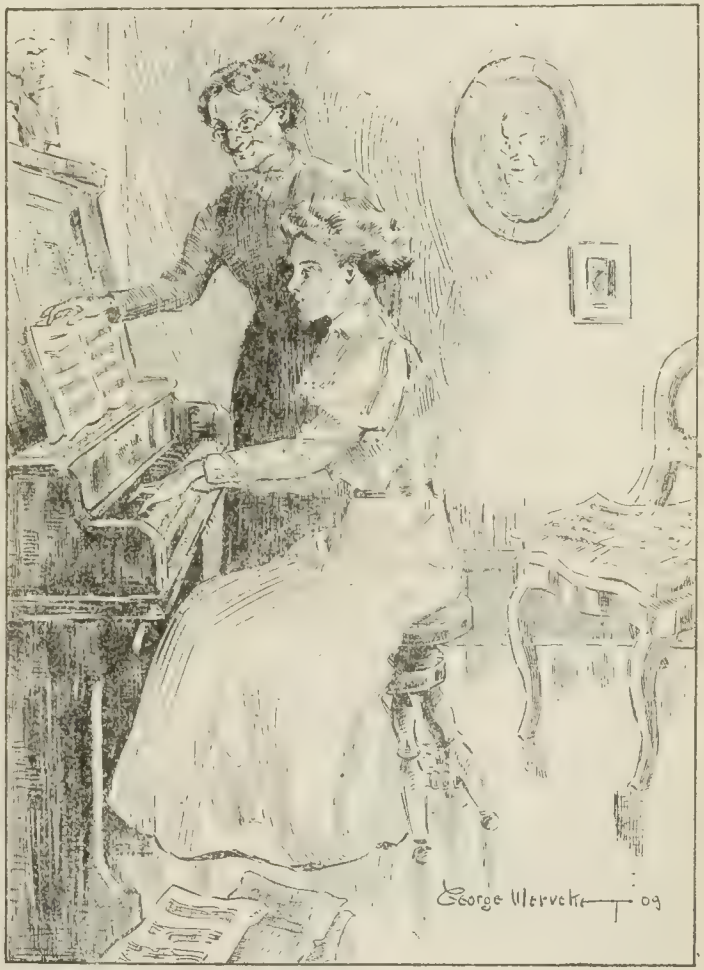
Jane withdrew from the presence.

"Well, that gets rid of them and leaves us a clear field. Jane didn't seem to be suffering from an acute suppression of glee, did she? I don't suppose they'll go to that lecture, but they won't dare to come back before ten. So we'll have two good hours."

They had, it turned out, two hours and a half, and Aunt Ellerton enjoyed every minute of it. In the interval she had ferreted out two or three old song books.

"I haven't heard them for over thirty years, — not since I married your Uncle Hezekiah. We'll start with 'O No, We Never Mention Her,' The 'Gypsy's Warning,' and 'The Spanish Cavalier.' I'll have thought of more by the time we finish them,—though they're all better than anything we hear nowadays."

She was as good as her word, and the hours were abandoned to a perfect orgy of antiquated passion. The effect upon her was magical. A breath from the long-lost seas of youth filled her soul. Sometimes she even attempted to join in the singing. She regretfully confessed that the words did seem pretty mushy to her now, but declared that it was good to hear them for the sake of the memories they awakened.

"You would never imagine, would you, that before we were married,

SOMETIMES SHE EVEN ATTEMPTED TO JOIN IN THE SINGING

Hezekiah and I used to sing these pieces for hours at a time?"

Remembering Uncle Hezekiah, Ruth couldn't imagine it, any more than yesterday she would have dreamed it of her aunt.

Yet she was surprised to find that neither now, nor later in the quiet of

her own room, had she any temptation to laugh at Aunt Ellerton. That drawer of turgid sentimentality and the riotous simoon of all this tender doggerel revealed an unexpected side of her aunt's nature, investing her suddenly with the warmth of humanity. No one was likely long to forget that she did not lack the more robust virtues.

Ruth sometimes accompanied her to the *Oatena* works, and learned to admire the unerring shrewdness and particular knowledge that governed its activities. She was present, too, at a further session of the Ladies' Aid, and watched the adroit checkmating of every ambitious design of the nefarious Mrs. Willoughby Thompson, definite progress being made toward that lady's utter demolition.

During the last days of Ruth's visit, Aunt Ellerton took a couple of days off, and they went to Toronto on a shopping foray. The preceding week had been full of worries incident to a proposed extension of the factories, and she devoted herself with avidity to the relaxation the little trip afforded.

Nevertheless, she became unexpectedly quiet, and so remained until after dinner at night. Then she turned to Ruth:

"I don't care what happens. Child, we're going to the theatre. I've felt the hankering for it all day. Hezekiah and I went once, when we were on our wedding trip, tho' we never told a soul."

"I saw by the bill-boards," suggested Ruth, "that they are playing *Hamlet* to-night."

"See here, Ruth," replied her aunt, promptly, "when one goes to the theatre only twice in a lifetime, it's to see something a little brisker than William Shakespeare. We're going to see this man Hopper. One of the girls in a store told me about him, and you can depend on them to know.

"You see," she went on, "I want to get my mind limbered up a little before we go to England in June. And just think," she added, "if it hadn't been for that 'Diana' book of yours, I might never have known you at all!"

THE EARTHWRECKER

BY CHARLES JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COUGHLIN

ELMER SEIGEL, contriver of things scientific, leaned back from his work for a brief space to think. Lounging crosswise in an ancient but copious arm-chair, his eyes sought the ceiling in the set and unblinking stare of deep concentration. For hours and hours, he had been seeking the solution of the final difficulty, which if overcome, would make his latest scientific venture perfect. It was 9.30 the foregoing evening when he had entered his shop, and now it was well on toward noon the following day. He was physically tired, but mentally wonderfully alert.

The inventor wore a rubber-like suit, which fitted closely to his long, slender form, wolfish in its nervous tensity. His head and neck were concealed in a helmet of the same material, leaving only his face exposed, while gloves and boots of a similar substance protected his hands and feet.

Suddenly he leaped from the chair to his feet with a shout of joy.

"Trumbull, Trumbull, I've got it!" he shrieked in the first mad enthusiasm of discovery. He had been consciously unaware of his friend Trumbull's presence until now, possibly owing to deep mental abstraction. When or how Trumbull had come in, he did not exactly remember; nor did

he even vaguely wonder at his presence there at an hour when he was usually busy in his legal offices.

"Got what?" asked Trumbull, with a quiet show of interest.

Seigel made no reply, for he was now behind the switchboard, and close to the huge, bowl-shaped thing which occupied the full width of the rear end of the shop and towered up through the roof to the open air. This peculiar-looking contrivance was apparently built of copper wire coiled around an inner frame-work, making it strangely resemble an inverted bee-hive. The bottom of this inverted cone sat solidly and snugly in a big socket of copper, beneath which there was a block of insulating rubber, fully two feet thick. There was something fascinating in its hard, corrugated surface, and the perfect symmetry of its shape that held the eye of the beholder in childish wonder. The simplicity of its appearance was slightly marred by a copper band which encircled it near the ceiling. From this band, ran two heavy, uncovered strings of copper wire, which disappeared into a copper box resting on a small derrick between the big bowl and the switch-board. Two similar strings reached from the copper box to the switch-board. At the right hand side of the bowl, a light electric motor was set up against the wall, and from the driving wheel of this motor, a rubber belt ran to a copper pulley near the base of the bowl. From this, and the small cog wheel at the opposite end of the pulley-shaft, setting in a cogged tire at the bowl's base, a close observer would at once conclude that the cone was set in motion by the motor.

The inventor was now up on a ladder at the side of the derrick, and was delving with wrench and screw-driver inside the intervening copper-box. Finally he straightened up, closing the lid of the box, while he muttered to himself:

"That must be it; a heavy spool and a light one on the transmission wire, and a single heavy one on the return. How simple! I wonder that I did not think of it in my first calculations. But I had not figured on the loss at the feed-ends, and that's what disturbed the balance of voltage in the transformer."

When Seigel next appeared before the switch-board to the fore of the shop, he had pulled the transparent visor of his helmet down. He then started the little motor on the wall.

There came a subdued but majestic hum, punctuated by intermittent spluttering and hissing, from the direction of the copper cone, which commenced to revolve independently of the copper band which encircled it near the ceiling. At the same instant, the copper band became alive with scintillating sparks of greenish light, which spun, comet-like, around and about it, much in the same manner as those from a huge emery wheel. High in the upper air, there resounded a mysterious, sighing sound, like the wail of the wind over a bottomless churn. It was an eerie, ghostly, gnashing muttering, as though the devilish-looking, bowl-shaped thing of copper were sucking the very vitals from the atmosphere.

"That atomagnet," Seigel explained to Trumbull, as he pointed to the revolving bowl, "is now attracting to it

IN THE SET AND UNBLINKING STARE OF DEEP CONCENTRATION

enough of atmospheric energies in their unadulterated and concentrated form, to make the whole earth and all the susceptible matter in it and on it,

rigid and inflexible, were it not completely insulated."

Trumbull looked at the inventor incredulously.

"I see you don't understand," Seigel went on. "Well, in the interior of that bowl, or atomagnet, as it is properly termed, there are similar bowls within bowls, now revolving in opposite directions at varying speeds. To each alternate bowl is attached several small, rotating armatures, propelled automatically, between stationary fields, as well as other intricate, current-aggravating devices, which it would be useless to attempt to explain to you;

TO TRUMBULL'S AMAZEMENT, THE PIECE OF PINE CRUMBLED

but the whole action results in dissecting and drawing from the air, a hitherto unknown force, of which I will shortly give you a practical demonstration.

"This force, Trumbull, has a thousand times the energy of electricity, and it has a widely different effect on matter. When it is made known, it will revolutionize the world of science, and turn all previous theories topsy-turvy. By its aid, warships and fortresses, made of wood, cement, or even paper or glass if you like, will be made absolutely indestructible even by steel projectiles fired from the latest and most powerful guns. Suspension bridges and sky-scrapers, built of paper and energized by atomagnetism, will some day be an economical reality. Of course, the problem of limiting the suffusion of the current to the substances desired, will have to be next solved, but that will be an easy matter I feel sure."

"But what makes the big bowl go 'round?" asked Trumbull, whose knowledge of scientific matters was very limited.

"I start it with that small electric motor against the wall," replied Seigel, "but the bowl revolves automatically when a complete circuit is formed outside its surface. The secondary feature of atomagnetism is, that it makes perpetual motion a reality. Stand back a few yards, Trumbull, for I am about to start the tests."

Seigel spread a heavy rubber covering over the switchboard table, then slowly drew the starting lever across a copper controller. When he touched the two wire ends hanging from the board, together, they clung and twisted, while the transformer above hissed and crackled angrily, until he reversed the controller.

Apparently satisfied that all so far was well, he took a small piece of pine board from a packing-case near by, and placing it on the spread, re-closed the controller and touched the two wire-ends to it. The transformer once more added its hiss and splutter to the general din, and the copper wires, twisting and vibrating under a mysterious and awful influence, clung to the piece of pine like live, brazen serpents. Picking up a heavy hammer from a tool-box behind him, Seigel dealt the energized piece of wood a swift and vigorous blow, the hammer flying back with a rebound that was doubly mystifying, while the wood remained absolutely unindented. To Trumbull's amazement, the piece of pine crumbled into a greenish-yellow ash, the instant Seigel released it from the current.

"Eureka!" cried the contriver, "My theory is proved! You see, Trumbull," he continued in a quieter tone, "a

peculiar inexplicable feature of atomagnetism is that substances which come in quick contact with atomagnetized substances are not energized thereby. Unlike electricity, the atomagnetic fluid resists all foreign bodies which come in violent contact with that through which it is naturally flowing; otherwise this hammer would have become congealed to the wood when I struck it."

Seigel afterwards made successful experiments with pieces of glass, candles, card-board and other substances of a like nature; each in turn resisting the blows of the hammer as if they had been turned to adamant. As soon as the current was turned off, however, they crumbled into nothingness. In reply to Trumbull's wide, inquiring gaze, Seigel explained:

"This peculiar result is due to the fact that atomagnetism is formed from properties in the air all about us. Electricity is but a by-product of atomagnetism, so to speak. In its pursuit and suffusion of susceptible substances, it is similar to the former, but the instant it forms a complete circuit through any matter, it disintegrates every atom in that which it energizes, and usurping the place of natural magnetism, it holds the atoms together in a mighty grip, which appears to be irresistible. The instant the current is withdrawn from an energized substance, it apparently leaves void the minute spaces formerly occupied by the cohesive properties which hold the atoms in all matter together; resulting also in the instantaneous evaporation of the water and chemicals which give to solids their natural fullness. Rubber, treated under a certain intricate chemical process, is the only substance I have yet found which is an absolute non-conductor. My apparatus is all insulated with rubber so treated. Copper is the only metallic substance which resists the destructive influence of atomagnetism, but even it, I believe, in time will succumb to it. I next intend to prove to you that even water is susceptible to——"

A blinding lightning flash and a deafening explosion cut short Seigel's last sentence, while fragments of material hissed and whizzed about the shop in every direction. Next came the awful realization that the transformer had blown to pieces, and he had a brief vision of two copper wires, loosed from their fastenings, twisting and writhing in mid-air, which finally dropped to the floor and clung there like leeches.

Seigel's lips were frozen dumb with the horror of the situation. It was in vain he tried to release the heavy wires from their new prey; in vain did he attempt to sever them from the copper ring with hammer and hatchet, and just as futile was his endeavor to use the electric motor to check the whirling cups. It was no longer a motor, but a thing inanimate, immovable, held so by the terrible force which was now perhaps permeating all substances to the uttermost parts of the earth. The atomagnet was now revolving at a giddy speed, and it seemed a thing

TRUMBULL WAS A RIGID STATUE, MOUTH AGAPE AND EYES STARING WIDE

demoniacal, completely swathed as it was in swiftly circling rings of zig-zag lightning, while the continuous rumble of clashing forces within it, made the earth tremble.

It was then that Seigel noticed Trumbull at the other side of the switch-board, a rigid statue, mouth agape and eyes staring wide; the expression of horror being frozen on his face an instant after the explosion which caused it. Seigel's greatest fears were confirmed when he clutched Trumbull to shake him. He was as immovable as an Egyptian pyramid. Even his clothes did not sink beneath the grip of Seigel's gloved hand. The awful realization then came fully to the inventor that the whole world was now suffused with the accursed atomagnetic fluid, and even if he could succeed in stopping the apparatus, all matter at that instant would immediately fade into substanceless dust

In a frenzy of despair, he rushed to the street door, only to make the discovery that it also was immovable, even to the latch, but by climbing to an opened window, he finally gained access to the outside world. The sight which there met his startled gaze, beggars any attempt at description.

High above was the natural summer sunlight, where small, fleecy, yellow clouds moved slowly before a gentle breeze. Below, was a world of ominous, absolute stillness; plunged into everlasting death by the blunder of a genius, who alone of all earth's creatures breathed and lived. The suburban street in which Seigel's shop was located, now resembled an avenue in some gigantic wax-works. Men, women and children, horses and vehicles were transfixed in the attitudes which they held when the awful catastrophe occurred. Opposite the shop, stood three men, who being startled from their conversation by the explosion, had all three half-turned, and were frozen in that attitude, with the wonderment still plainly marked on their faces. On the crossing, two doors up, was a woman who had been atomagnetized while stepping over a muddy place. The folds of her raised skirt were as stiff and rigid as the bodies and leering faces of the two well-dressed young loungers, who were caught in the act of squinting. A hod-carrier with his burden, stood rigid on his ladder, while his fellow workmen, on the story above, were stiffened in all sorts of natural postures as they bent over their work. Strange scenes of a like nature met Seigel's gaze in every direction. Under any other circumstances, he would have laughed aloud over the humorous side of it all; especially at the expression on the face of a fat German butcher, frozen in the act of kicking a hungry cur, which had purloined a string of sausage from his shop-front.

Seized with a strange, exhilarating madness, which made him supremely indifferent to the apparent universal destruction he had wrought, the contriver rushed through the streets, hither and thither, the only living thing in a world of statues. On, on, he ran, till he came to the heart of the business section, where pulsating life a few moments before was creating a clatter and bang that ceased neither day nor night. Thronged with the noonday crowd and traffic, the great civic arteries were now silent as the grave. Long lines of street cars stood motionless, each packed with rigid humanity. Automobiles and taxicabs, checked in their mad flight; drays and express wagons; vehicles of every description which fight for place on the pavements of a great city, presented a strange scene of silent and motionless confusion.

Through the plate glass window of an elaborately furnished office, Seigel could see a stout, florid-faced gentleman, black cigar in hand, who was giving out an interview to the boys of the press. Their lightning pencils remained on the white pads before them, but they would move no more; nor would the stout gentleman ever have opportunity to complain to the city editors that his chat had been garbled. At a street corner was a man with a "blind" sign on his breast, who had been transfixed while momentarily "looking" at the last coin which had been dropped in his palm. His sign no longer lied. In a very busy spot,

a pickpocket was getting in his quick work, but the atomagnetism had been quicker, and had stiffened him while his hand yet remained in his victim's pocket. On a side street, a loafer was being kicked out of a low saloon; the rigid leg and foot of the bartender, protruding from the doorway, being tangible evidence of the manner in which the trick was done. At a bargain sale, further on, a hundred women were atomagnetized in a frantic struggle to gain early entrance. Hats awry, faces flushed and angry, their clothes torn; in their cataleptic state, they presented a ludicrous spectacle.

A tough-looking youth was stiffened in the attitude of picking up a cigar-stub, which a prosperous-looking man ahead had just thrown away; newsies held aloft the latest extras in their motionless hands, but had ceased to cry their wares; a hand-organ man appeared to be putting all kinds of exertion into twisting the crank of his machine, but no sound came therefrom, though the expressions of ecstasy in the faces of the circle of ragged children about him indicated what had been before the shock had come. Men everywhere held hats aloft to female acquaintances on the street, and smart young men and coquettish girls were caught with eyes aslant in sly flirtation, while every few yards, white-helmeted policemen looked on with sightless, unblinking eyes.

Seigel suddenly became aware of a change in the expressions on the faces of the rigid figures in the portion of the city he had now reached. Men and women were bent forward and jostled against each other, as though running for dear life, their faces tense and eyes bulging. A fire department, suddenly stiffened in its breakneck course, which Seigel descried up street, explained it all. The strenuous expressions of the dumb figures and faces seemed to infect Seigel with a like mad desire to rush in the common direction. Often, he brushed against the statues in his pathway, but they were moved not a hair's breadth by the impact.

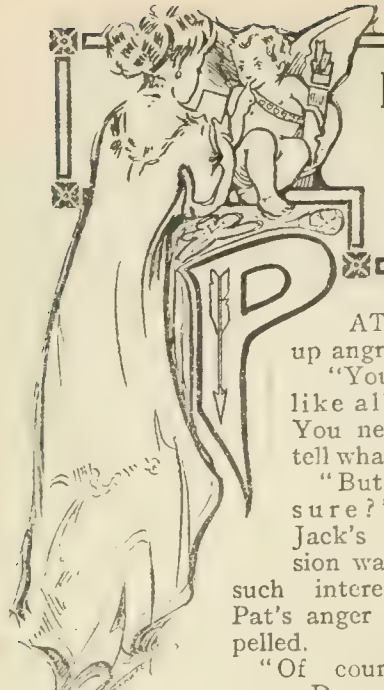
While attempting to pass around a crowd in Union Square, Seigel ran pell-mell into the stone steps of the Westervelt building, and tripping, he was sent sprawling over the sidewalk. In the fall, the rubber covering was torn from his right leg. Instinctively, he attempted to raise it aloft, but the atomagnetism was reaching to it from the energized concrete, and already he could feel its paralytic influence numbing the limb into sickening insensibility.

The scene had changed entirely when Seigel with a new feeling of pain about his head and shoulders, attempted to raise himself from his prostrate position. He was in a white bed, and a sweet-faced nurse was leaning over him and gently pushing him back to his pillow.

"How—?" began the bewildered man.

"There, there, you must not talk," admonished his fair attendant. "You have been hurt. Two weeks ago, they found you in your shop, where a portion of your machinery had fallen over on you. You have been delirious and talking of the weirdest kind of inventions, but the worst is over now, and if you are good, you'll be better soon."

Atomagnetism still remains in its latent state in the air all about us.



FIRST AIDS TO CUPID

BY J. A. DOBSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. SCHWALM

See frontispiece

PAT looked up angrily.

"You are just like all boys. You never can tell what to do."

"But are you sure?" and Jack's expression was one of such interest that Pat's anger was dispelled.

"Of course I'm sure. Do you 'spose I'd come talking to you about it if I hadn't been?"

"Girls get rattled so quick," and Jack looked his superiority given him by accident of sex.

"Pooh!" and Pat's contemptuous tone brought sudden recollection to Jack's mind of a certain adventure in which he had not shone with brilliancy. "*You* ought to talk about anybody getting rattled."

"But how did you find it out?" and the young lord of creation had an evident desire to change the trend of Pat's thought.

"I listened," and a faint flush crept over her face as she caught the look of surprise that Jack gave her. "I couldn't help it. I had gone to sleep on the sofa and they came in while I was there and I had to keep still and hear the whole thing."

"You could have hollered." Jack's manner was quite magisterial.

"Hollered! Of course I could have hollered, Mr. Jack Ambrose, but I didn't. And I'll bet you my big agate that you wouldn't have either."

Jack shook his head in a most noncommittal way.

"And besides," went on Pat, "if I hadn't heard it, how could we have fixed it up? There, Mr. Jack Smarty," and she gave a kick with her slender foot that sent the white sand and broken sea shells flying across the road.

"It's too bad," for being routed in argument, Jack endeavored to retrieve himself by rehearsing anticipated losses. "There'll be no more candy, or horseback rides, or auto stunts, or ball games, or—or—"

"Or anything," added Pat, solemnly.

"Or anything," echoed Jack, dolefully.

There was a silence for a moment.

"What did they quarrel about, Pat?"

"Nothing; Aunt Dinah says that's what lovers always quarrel about."

"Was she very mad?"

"Mad?" and Pat's eyes shone like stars. "You should have heard her call him Mr. Marsden. Our Bobbie, Mr. Marsden, indeed; and when he wanted to explain, she just made him a courtesy and said 'excuse me' like the Queen of England, and started to walk off."

"Much you know about the Queen of England," grunted Jack.

"I know more than you do, for I saw Mrs. Pennifor show grandmother and Janet just how she bowed when she gave her ——"

"Mrs. Pennifor, indeed! Why, she's the stiffest, snuffiest, ugliest ——"

"That will do, Jack; it ain't very *genl'manly* to call a lady names and she *did* see the Queen; you may snuffle and howl all you want to."

"Well," and Jack felt he was beaten again, did they say anything about making up?"

"Yes. When Agnes started to go

away, Bob said: 'I will never change, dear, and a word from you will bring me to your feet'."

"Oh, Lord," and Jack rolled over, "did you ever hear such rot? No wonder you couldn't sleep."

"Rot?" and Pat's eyes were blazing. "That's the way any *gent'man* would talk to a lady he loved. Why, in 'Clarice, Or the Lost Bride,' they say lots of beautiful things like that, but of course, no one expects any such thing from you." Here Pat's nose went up into the air.

Again there was a silence. Then Pat, taking her short, stiff skirts in her hands, made an elaborate bow, crossed the road and started in the opposite direction.

Jack gave a howl of dismay.

"Oh, Pat," he cried, "I say, Pat, I didn't mean anything. Just wait a moment."

The little figure stiffened and continued on its way.

"Pat," the cry was almost a wail, "Pat——"

Here she turned.

"My name is Patricia, Mr. John Hollingsworth Ambrose, and I hope you will remember it. I am only Pat to my friends like Freddie Jones and Georgie Underwood."

Jack waited a moment. There was no relenting in the inflexible little face.

"Miss Patricia," he groaned, "good-bye. If you ever want me just send me word, and it will bring me to your feet."

Pat turned round, her face aglow.

"Oh, Jack, I'm going to kiss you for that. You said it better than Bobbie."

Peace having thus been declared, they sat down under a big tree and continued their conversation.

"You know, Jack," and Pat's voice was a little tremulous, "Aggie will never send him any word. Aunt Dinah says she's the 'contrariest critter' she ever saw; that when she was a baby and they made her mad, she'd go to bed upside down, just out of spite."

"Upside down," and Jack looked his amazement, if not incredulity, "why, how could ——"

Pat rose again majestically.

"I suppose you think *that's* a fib. Well, it isn't. If you keep on thinking it is, pretending you don't, just go and ask Aunt Dinah and tell her what you think and *perhaps* you'll find out."

"Oh, sit down, Pat," and Jack pulled her back on her seat, "we'll never get any plans made if you keep on getting huffy every time I open my mouth. Let me say what I want to, and I'll let you say what you want to, until we fix up a way to make Bobbie and Agnes friends, and then we can quarrel all you want."

Again Pat's ire was raised.

"All *I* want," she exclaimed, "it's you—and—and—" here tears came to her aid.

"I know it's my fault," and Jack kissed away the pearly drops from the rosy cheeks. "I'll take the blame for everything and we'll just go on and make up something to get those two 'crazies' friends again."

"And Jack," said Pat, in a sepulchral whisper, "you know it's most Christmas."

"And nobody to hang the things on the Christmas tree."

"Except Captain Anderson."

Jack gave a howl.

"Captain Anderson! He couldn't hang anything, not even himself."

"Jack!" and Pat looked properly shocked. "But in an undertone, "he *is* awful, ain't he?"

Jack nodded and then added;—

"Nobody to make us a tar barrel—and then—why what in the world is Cindy doing?" and the two children turned and watched the rapid flight of Miss Janet's Cindy, the blackest, shrewdest little imp that ever crossed the threshold of a southern darky's cabin.

Cindy came nearer and nearer. Her eyes were rolling and she gave an anxious glance every once in a while behind her, as if she were expecting somebody to be closely following her. As she approached the children, she slackened her pace, and when she was opposite them she stopped and throwing out her arms, said:

"Miss Pat, save me, if yo' kin, from that rapscallion, Peter. He's done said he was gwine to kill me, when he cotched me, burn me after he done kill

me an' den throw me in de riber fer de yallergators to eat."

"What have you been doing, Cindy," and Pat looked very severe. In her mind's eye she closely resembled Miss Janet when she was reprimanding the apparently trembling creature who had just made so pathetic an appeal.

"Nothin', Miss Pat, nothin'. I don't never get a chance to do nothin'! They always cotches me jes' afore I do it. Seems like they know my mind better than I do myself. Oh, Jiminy, I'm tired. And there's Miss Janet jes' a hollerin' her head off fo' me. 'Clare to goodness, Miss Pat, if Pete was to do all them things to me, I don't know what de white folks would do. What they can't lay on de cat dey lays on me, and what dey can't lay on me dey lays on de cat. I sometimes think I'll jes' take ol' Tom an' go off somewheres."

"Sit down there," and Pat pointed to a stone a little ways off. "Get your breath and stop ranting. Don't you know, Cindy, that all this scolding is for your good? What would you be if we didn't scold you? A brand plucked from the burning."

"'Clare to goodness, Miss Pat, if I turned my back I'd think it was Miss Janet talking to me. Laws, chile," and Cindy assumed an air of wisdom that was absolutely ludicrous when her age was considered, "I think between Mammy, Miss Janet, Aunt Chloe and Peter, I am a sure goner, burned at de stake. And then Miss Agnes—did yo' all's hear about Miss Agnes and Marse Bob?"

Pat gave Jack a nudge.

"Miss Agnes and Marse Bob? Why, to be sure they are going to be married Christmas Eve."

"Married Christmas nothin'. They done quarreled, fought, bled and died, Aunt Chloe told Mammy. She heard it from de house. Miss Janet's a ragin' nanny goat an' it's all Mammy can do to keep her from kickin' de heels off her new slippers."

Pat looked at Jack.

"I suppose you're satisfied now," she cried triumphantly.

"I was always satisfied," answered Jack, a little sheepishly.

"Well, we had better get to work and do something," and Pat assumed an air as though the whole world rested on her small shoulders.

Cindy sat watching the two with a grin on her face that was significant and soon attracted Pat's attention. Then she stealthily removed from the neck of her dress a white object which she evidently wished to conceal.

"Cindy," cried Pat, in as stern a tone as she could command, "what are you thinking about?"

"Nothin'," and Cindy rolled her hands up in her apron.

"But you are," persisted Pat.

"Yes'm," and Cindy reversed the apron operation.

"Why don't you answer me?"

"'Shore, Miss Pat, I done said all the answers I know."

"What have you got in your hands?" cried Pat, as she watched the dusky digits fly back and forth.

"Somethin' Marse Bob done giv' me," and Cindy placed a note in Pat's hands.

"It's for Agnes," she said, quickly. Then sternly, turning to Cindy, "Why didn't you take it to Miss Agnes?"

"I was a-goin' when Pete shooed me off. An' he tole me dat Miss Agnes done give yorders dat anybody, black or white dat brought her a single, eenty line from Marse Bob would be—— Dat's why Pete was gwin' to burn me an' kill me an' throw me to de yallergators, 'cause I jes' 'clared I would take it to Miss Agnes in spite of de deb——"

Pat threw up her hands in dismay. Then turned the note over and over. What should she do? She knew Agnes well enough not to offer it to her now, but perhaps—a little later—here her brain began to whirl.

She stooped down to Jack and whispered:

"Jack, I'm going to open it."

Jack stood up straight and the look he gave her made her stammer an explanation.

"We've got to do something."

"But that is dis—dis—honorable—" Jack's tongue got a little twisted as he said the word.

"I know it, but oh Jack, I can't let Bobbie be unhappy. Maybe, we can

fix it up," and Pat's ever ready tears were swimming in her eyes.

Cindy sat watching them. Her keen glance and quick ears had seen and caught every word and gesture.

"Fo' de land's sake, Marse Jack, what diff'rence does it make if Miss Pat wants to open dat little, no-account letter. If it was a great big one den it would be a wicked, deblish sin, but dis" —with a contemptuous gesture—and here she thrust out her hand and before a word of remonstrance could be uttered had torn it open.

"Dar, Miss Pat, I done done it. If Marse Bob gets to kickin' or Miss Agnes 'gins to jaw, jes' lay it on me. I'd git it somehow, anyway, me or ol' Tom."

"You're an awful good child, Cindy, and if they say a word to you, I'll——"

Here Jack interposed.

"I'll fix it if they say anything to you or Cindy. That's a man's right."

Cindy chuckled and Pat put her arms around his neck as she said:

"I'm awful glad you ain't grown up, Jack. Agnes would like you better than Bobbie."

"But the note," and Jack gently released himself from her embrace.

"Oh, yes," and Pat opened it almost reverently.

It was an impassioned missive. He would wait three days to hear from her and then her silence would mean that the engagement was really broken and he would go back North.

"Three days," said Pat, "Christmas Eve," with a howl. "Oh, Jack, we'll have to stop him somehow."

Just then Cindy rose from her seat and rushed across to a hedge.

"There's Mammy, Miss Pat, and if she gits me, I'll wish fo' de yallergators."

* * * * * * *

Pat Brooks—or rather Patricia Eglantine Brooks and her cousin, John Hollingsworth Ambrose, were spending their winter down in Florida. John's parents were dead, and Pat's mother was as his own. It was, after a fashion, a banishment from their Canadian home at a season of the year when mountain and plain, forest and dell, river and lake offered their greatest temptations to these children of the North. But a dangerous cough, a little spot of red in their mother's cheek, that to them only added new beauty to the delicate face, had brought forth the doctor's dictum that all the pleasures of tobogganing, or daring skating excursions on the ice-bound rivers should be foregone, and in exchange they should have the strange surroundings of a tropical climate.

Three times had they thus been obliged to exile themselves from the glories of a Canadian winter; but the cordial welcome from their Southern relatives, the endless round of strange sights, the sharp contrast to their usual winter sports had, at last, made these trips seem almost like enchantment.

Foremost among those who always tried to add to the children's enjoyment were Robert Ellswood and Agnes Bellamy, cousins on both sides of the family. Cousin Bobbie never tired of them, and Agnes had proved herself a dear on several trying occasions. The marriage of these two on Christmas Eve had been an event to which the children had looked forward with rapturous joy.

The sudden quarrel, the absolute refusal of Agnes to hear a word of explanation, Bobbie's grief, had all the effects of a tragedy on these young hearts. That, under these circumstances, it devolved upon them to reunite the estranged lovers was their firm belief. They spent many an hour in which they were supposed to be playing in childish forgetfulness of all the sorrows that affect "grown-ups" in devising some scheme by which they could be the *deus ex machina* in this domestic tragedy.

Matters had progressed very slowly for the peacemakers until Bobbie's note had fallen into their hands. Now that the case had grown so desperate, they increased their efforts. The pale face of Agnes was constantly before them, and as she languidly joined in their amusements or tried to devise some new entertainment for them, they felt still more the claims she had upon them for assistance. For it was undoubtedly true that Agnes, despite the high-handed manner in which she had dismissed her lover, was suffering greatly from his absence.

Bobbie they had not seen since his dismissal. Pat had put a bow of black crepe on his photograph in her room and had turned the face to the wall.

"His eyes make my heart ache," Pat said to Jack.

"Poor Bobbie!" and Jack gulped in a way that was very suggestive of an emotion that would have been called "girl-babyish," if Pat had not been in the same box herself.

The day before Christmas was not a very busy one at the big house. All the invitations had been recalled, and the Christmas tree, under which Jack and Pat had thought to sit and pick many plums from Santa's well-filled pack, promised to be a miserable failure. For Bobbie had always been the chief promoter of glee and games at this time. Christmas without Bobbie was Christmas without Santa Claus. Neither of the two children had any desire to peep at the forbidden joys awaiting them, and once Jack had gone and closed the door of the reception room where the tree stood in all its glorious array of tinsel and color, without giving it a single glance as it glittered and shone in its dazzling brilliancy.

Agnes walked round the house like a ghost. A faint smile came to her lips when she saw the two children sitting sad-faced and drooping in the big bay-window.

"You poor kids," she said, gently, as she passed them, "it's too bad your Christmas is spoiled and even I——" here she walked rapidly away, and Pat sniveled and Jack held his throat tight to keep from being unmanly enough to join her.

For no inspiration had come to the little loving hearts, and the outlook was sad indeed when Cindy came moping through the hall.

"Miss Pat," she said, "I'se gwin' to run away. Sure Pete has done gone de limit. I done bundled up my clothes and I'se got Tom tied with a string an' I jes' come to say good-bye to yo' alls."

"Where are you going, Cindy?" and Pat looked with interest at the forlorn little figure.

"I'se gwin' to Marse Bob. I was gwin' to live with him an' Miss Agnes anyway. I can't stan' it here no mo'. I'se done put Miss Janet's chickens to roost and have laid out two plates full of bones for Ponce. Marse Bob tole Miss Agnes, yo' recremember in dat note, dat she had done upset all his plans an' she shore has mine."

A deep silence fell over the disheartened trio.

"Let's go with her, Jack," said Pat. "Poor Bobbie is sitting all alone by himself in that great big house a-thinking and a-thinking."

Jack raised himself with sudden energy.

"And we'll put Bobbie's note on the Christmas tree——"

Pat gave a shriek of joy and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, why didn't I think of that," she half moaned, half screeched. "It's the very thing, Jack, you darling boy."

"And we must write a letter of our own, 'splaining how we'd gone to Bobbie——"

"And put it in with Bobbie's," and Pat danced a Highland Fling.

"An' I'll get de debbil from Miss Janet and Mammy an' Miss Agnes—I done reckon I won't go with yo' alls. I don't want to be cotched for that Pete to grin an' make shines over for eleven hundred years," and taking her bundle in her hands, Cindy started for the door.

"They shan't do anything to you, Cindy," said Jack, who all of a sudden had become commander-in-chief of the little company. "If you hadn't got the letter we couldn't have done it."

"Indeed not," and Pat whirled Cindy round in her glee. "If they do make up, you have helped do it."

"We'll write the letter now," said Jack, and with a very stubby pencil and a rather soiled piece of paper, Jack prepared himself for his first epistolary effort.

"Deer Agnes," he wrote, "Cindy and Pat and Old Tom and me have gone to live wi h Bobbie. We don't want any Christmas tree without him. This letter from Bobbie Pete wouldn't let Cindy give you."

"Don't say that, Marse Jack. If she's sorry she'll give Pete fits and—and—" here Cindy's voice faltered.

"You're a good little thing, Cindy,"

and Pat looked at her with commendation.

"An' if Pete should git licked an' me over to Marse Bob's an' not see it, I 'clare to goodness, it would break my heart."

"You beastly little beggar," and Pat sat down disgustedly. "Go on, Jack."

"We 'spose we'll never see you agane. And we're orful sorry. But you are not all by yourself. You've got Ponce and Mammy, and Aunt Chloe and Aunt Janet and Bobbie's got nobody. Yours with love and a merry Christmas."

PAT
CINDY
OLD TOM
AND JACK.

"Now," said Jack, much elated over the admiration his effusion aroused, "I will put it on the tree."

"Have you got Bobbie's letter?" questioned Pat, anxiously.

"Yes," and Jack dug it up from the depths of his pocket where it was in close contact with marbles, gingerbread, candy and a ball, and somewhat spoiled in appearance thereby, "but I have no envelope."

"Jes' tie a big piece of paper on it," said Cindy, "and put Miss Agnes' name in great big figgers so it will shine out great."

"And I would put important on it, Jack; that's the way they do on mother's letters when they must be read quick."

Jack wrote laboriously and then held it up for them to inspect.

"Gee," and Cindy grinned, "if Miss Agnes has done got over her tantrums, won't Pete git it?"

Wrapped carefully, if not tidily, in a piece of paper, Jack's address looked a little tipsy.

MISS AgNeS BELLAMy
important
tO be OPened AS soon She GetS It

"I think that will make her hurry," said Jack, looking at his handiwork with evident admiration.

"It's g-rand," said Pat, with a nod of her head and a note in her voice that set Jack's heart beating like a trip hammer.

"Now, to put it on the tree. I guess I'd better go alone to do that, for it will be easier for one to get away if any of them should see us than all three."

Pat nodded, although both she and Cindy were woefully disappointed at not seeing the precious missive in its appointed place, but the spirit of the most good with the least danger of upsetting their plans ruled them, and they watched Jack with envious, admiring eyes as he stole softly to the door of the room where the Christmas tree stood in state.

He was not gone long, and it must be confessed that as he returned to his companions in the conspiracy, his face had lengthened a good deal.

"Whew!" he said, "but it's a whopper. And the presents! Why there's everything you can think of. You and Cindy and me——" here he stopped, falteringly, "couldn't we go just as well after we got the presents?"

"Was there anything there for Marse Bob?" queried Cindy.

"No," he confessed, falteringly, "I didn't see a thing."

"Well, then, yo' all can stay if yo' want too, but I'm gwine jes' the same. Poor Marse Bob! Not a single thing on the tree!"

"Cindy's right," and Pat started for the door, "come on, Jack; you ain't going to be a *traitor?*"

Pat's emphasis on this awful word went through Jack's soul. In a moment he was by her side, and opening the door, the three little figures went out into the moonlight and were soon lost in the shadows of the heavy trees which overhung their path.

* * * * * *

Bobbie sat all alone, as Cindy had pictured, in his big house. The servants had gone off on the week's holiday that is always their privilege at Christmas time. From one window in the library he could see the glancing lights in the Bellamy house. Once he caught a glimpse of a slight figure that stood for a moment between him and the brightness and his fancy gave it the name of her he loved so well.

But it was all over. He had told her he would wait until to-night for a message and none had come. To-morrow he would be gone and, perhaps, in strange lands and with new occu-

pations and surroundings he might forget.

The sound of voices came through the open window, then the patter of childish feet. A loud ring at the bell and he hastened through the hall with beating heart. The message at last! Of course she couldn't forget! This was to have been their wedding night.

He could scarcely open the door, so great was his impatience, and when the three children filed in, followed by the reluctant Tom, who struggled at the soft cloth which held him a close prisoner, he stood aghast.

"Here we are, Bobbie," cried Pat, throwing her arms around his neck, "we couldn't stay over at Auntie Bellamy's any longer. We've come to live with you, me and Jack and Cindy and old Tom. Oh, Bobbie," as she caught sight of his disappointed face, so pale, so worn, "Oh, Bobbie, I don't believe we're what you want," and she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"Dear little heart," and Bobbie pressed her close to him, "you are the dearest, sweetest thing in the world. Nothing," he said, bravely, "could have given me more happiness than to have you with me to-night. But the Christmas tree"? he added, half smiling.

"Oh, Bobbie," and here Pat wailed again, "there wasn't a thing on it for you."

And as the children chattered, how eagerly he grasped every word that gave him a clue to how Agnes felt. Her abandoned rides, her long hours of seclusion in her room, her failing appetite, her pallid face, her eyes always full of unshed tears! Man-like, the thought that he did not suffer alone was a relief. And then the story of the letter came out, how it had never reached its destination, and now it was on the Christmas tree and perhaps—who knew—and his mind wandered off into a paradise from which he hoped never to return.

"And they won't worry about us," said Pat, "we told them we were going to live with you in Jack's letter. And you do feel better, don't you, Bobbie?" and she pressed her soft cheek against his hand.

The assurance so eagerly sought was given, and indeed the love in these little hearts had soothed the terrible emptiness and aching of his own.

Suddenly, over the path that led to the house, came the sound of flying feet. Bobbie looked at his guests. Cindy had rolled herself up into a knot and had fallen asleep. Pat's eyelids were drooping too heavily to be raised and Jack was in the land of dreams. Surely this time there was no mistake.

A face peered into the window, and a voice that was full of love and tenderness and forgiveness whispered:

"Bobbie, Bobbie, may I come in, too?"

CANADIAN WRITERS

BY DONALD G. FRENCH

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

R. E. KNOWLES

FROM time to time the literary columns of our newspapers and magazines are stirred by the gentle ripples of a discussion as to whether or not Canada has a national literature.

Those whom we may call the "higher critics" measure all writings by the standards of the great classics of all ages; and, perforce, no Canadian writers having been long enough members of the noble company of the Houseboat on the Styx, these critics fail to find any real literature originating in Canada.

Others, probably forgetting that Canadian literature (and also that of the United States) is but a branch of the great tree of English literature—forgetting, too, that the parent tree grew by centuries and ages rather than by months or years—are looking for the Great Canadian Novel and the Great Canadian Poem; looking for something which will stand out both in form and thought as a new and distinctive literary type.

It is not within the province of this article to enter further into the discussion than to point out, as a literary axiom, that the unification of the many races which go to make up the Dominion—the molding of these into a new race with its own individual characteristics—must precede the making of a national literature which will be national in the sense that the literature of France is one national literature; the literature of Russia, another; the literature of England, another.

Then, it seems that the commonsense view of the whole question is: We have a Canadian literature which is a branch of English literature, deriving from the parent stem much of its literary form, phraseology, and style, but distinctively Canadian in so far as it depicts Canadian scenes, tone, sentiment, local conditions and local atmosphere—in so far as it portrays the life, the work, the feelings of the people of Canada. For, if literature is not the representation of life, what is it? Nay more, if it deals not with the eternal truths of human nature, as modified and affected by local conditions and circumstances (present or past), of what value is it to human beings?

With this as our viewpoint, let us look briefly at the writers who are at present prominent in the field of Canadian letters:

William Wilfrid Campbell, D.C.L.,

NELLIE L. MCCLUNG

was born in Ontario in 1861 and is connected with the Canadian civil service. His first volume of poetry, "Lake Lyrics", was published in 1889. In these poems he expresses the love of Nature's beauties and an intelligent sympathy therewith, with no attempt at sermonizing or even at moralizing – the key-note is the enjoyment of nature.

> "Give me the hills and wide water,
> Give me the heights and the sea;
> And take all else. It is living
> And heaven enough for me."

His pictures of Canadian scenery have perfection of coloring and atmosphere, as in his "Lake Huron":

> "Miles and miles of crimson glories,
> Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze:
> Miles of shoreland red and golden,
> Drifting into dream and haze."

But his work does not lack poems of deeper thought, and such have an intimate knowledge of human nature and strong dramatic power. This dramatic skill is put to good use in his poetical tragedies, such as "Mordred," "Daulac," "Morning," which show effective character portrayal and a nice sense of dramatic unity. The trouble with these tragedies is, however, that they are too tragic, too grim and sombre. There is little attempt at relieving the emotional strain and the final outlook is not altogether inspiring.

ARTHUR STRINGER

Dr. Campbell has also written a great deal of prose. The scene of his novel "Ian of the Orcades" is laid in Scotland but he has written descriptive works and other matter dealing with Canada.

Bliss Carman is a native of New Brunswick. He was born there in 1861 and was educated at the University of New Brunswick and afterwards at Edinburgh and Harvard. For several years he has lived in New York and is actively engaged in literary work, editing and contributing to various magazines.

He has published from time to time several small collections of related poems. Among the best of these are "Ballads of a Lost Haven" and "By the Aurelian Wall." The ballads have a strong personal and human touch, and as a rule contain a story which holds the interest by its skilful development, but his love of picturing sometimes leads to the lengthening of his poems in the chase after new Images, until the original idea is lost in a maze of coloring.

Some of his poetic work is mystical, symbolical and spiritual, and resembles Browning in its ruggedness of expression, and abruptness of thought, but he usually bridges the successive steps of thought so that there need be no obscurity if he is read carefully.

His essays give a simple interpretation of many valuable lessons in philosophy

They are usually short, easily understood and their application is direct. They form an excellent primer to the more advanced work of Emerson and Browning. He has written four volumes of these essays, "The Kinship of Nature," "The Poetry of Life," "The Friendship of Art," "The Making of a Personality."

Charles G. D. Roberts is also from New Brunswick, and just a year older than Bliss Carman. After taking his degree from the provincial university, he taught in grammar schools for five years. Later he became Professor of English Literature in King's College, Windsor, N. S., but resigned in 1896, and went to New York to follow a literary career.

His earlier work was verse, and in this he essayed every theme from the classic epic to the soothing lullaby. Of nature poetry he has produced a great deal, using many rhythmical forms. The sonnet is very popular with him as a mode of reproducing impressionistic pictures of Canadian landscapes.

Roberts handles all manner of metrical forms, and as far as the music of poetry is concerned he does this successfully, but his poetry seems to lack the divine touch, the sympathetic understanding of the heart of his brother man.

In prose, while he has written some creditable semi-historical novels, his fame rests on his short stories of animal life. His

BLISS CARMAN

C[illegible]. D. ROBERTS

"RALPH CONNOR"

prose style is at once simple and picturesque, and his animal stories show a remarkable intimacy with the subject.

Ernest Thompson-Seton was born in England in 1869 and came to Canada when five years old. He was educated in Toronto, and studied art in Paris and London. He is naturalist to the Manitoba Government and travels largely in the West, studying animal and plant life and climatic conditions.

His works are chiefly animal stories and tales of outdoor life. His ability as an artist has enabled him to illustrate his books most effectively. In his stories he tries to emphasize man's kinship with animals by showing that in them we can find the virtues most admired in man, and further, he hopes by quickening the sympathies of men toward animals, to stop the thoughtless extermination of many harmless wild creatures.

His stories are told with a direct simplicity which compels attention. The artistic and poetic temperament of the writer shows itself in the picturesqueness of style in which scenery and landscape are described.

The "Ian MacLaren" of Canada, the Reverend Robert E. Knowles, proves to be an Irishman—that is, an Irish-Canadian. His father was an Irish Presbyterian minister. Born in Northern Ontario in 1868, he was educated for the ministry and as pastor of Scottish Presbyterian

congregations imbibed so much of the Scottish spirit that it seems to permeate all his work.

His earliest book, "St. Cuthbert's," is a parish romance. One who has known a Scottish Presbyterian congregation of earlier days can appreciate the skill with which the various incidents in the history of the congregation are sketched. The story is particularly powerful in its manner of bringing out the strong undercurrent of emotion which lies beneath the Scottish reserve.

AGNES C. LAUT

"The Dawn at Shanty Bay," is a sweetly tender Christmas story dealing with the theme of the struggles between parental love and parental dignity. The later works of this author are somewhat marred by lack of unity or consistency of plot, and the characters seem weak and unnatural.

Mr. Knowles has for several years been pastor of Knox Church, Galt, and is quite successful as a lecturer as well as a preacher and writer.

Miss Agnes C. Laut might fittingly be called "the historian of the early West". Her first novel, "Lords of the North," though somewhat romantic in its development is still largely historical and reproduces the conditions that existed at the time of the struggles between the early fur companies. In a later book, she gives a character sketch of the erratic adventurer Pierre Radisson whose pioneer spirit had so much to do with the opening of the West to the fur traders.

With the fine insight which interprets the documents of the past, not as mere bare facts and statistics, but which enters into the spirit of the actors on history's page, which sees through the deeds into the hearts of men, their desires, their aspirations, their incentives—with the power to revive and clothe the dry bones of literature, it is not to be wondered that this writer left the field of historic romance for that of pure history. In her later works, "The Story of the Trapper," "The Vikings of the Pacific," "The Pathfinders of the West," and "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," we find all the interest of romance within the realms of fact.

Miss Laut was born in Huron county, Ontario, in 1872. Her early education

W. H. DRUMMOND

was received in Winnipeg. She spent some time in the Rockies and there built up a delicate frame to vigorous health. She has travelled extensively through Western Canada and has written in addition to her books a number of valuable magazine articles dealing with topics of live interest in connection with the West. Her present home is Wassaic, New York.

Jean Blewett (Mrs. Jean McKishnie Blewett) is a native of Essex County, Ontario. She was born in 1862 and educated at St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. Her work in poetry, short stories, sketches and articles has been appearing in the newspapers and magazines of Canada and the United States for a number of years.

Jean Blewett is not a singer of classic themes; nor, although a genuine nature lover, does she deal much in what we call "nature poetry." She is, more than any Canadian writer, the poet of the home—home-life, its joys and sorrows, its creeds, its philosophies, its loves and passions, its pathos and its humor, in fact all the phases of Canadian home life are interpreted by her in simple homelike language and in even verse. For quaint, delicious humor and gentle irony, her verse stands alone in Canadian literature.

Mrs. Blewett is now a resident of Toronto and is prominent in the literary circles of that city.

ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

W. A. FRASER

Although Cy Warman has been before the Canadian public for a number of years as an authority on problems pertaining to the opening up of newer sections of the country, he is not a native Canadian. He was born in Illinois in 1855 and went from farming and wheat-dealing to railway life, passing through all stages from the shops to the engine and ending in an editor's chair in charge of a railway journal.

While in the western states he first attracted attention by his verse, and was introduced by the New York Sun as "The Poet of the Rockies." His lyrical poems are highly musical, but his most characteristic work is his stories of railroad life. These are tales of the devotion and heroism of engineers and firemen, thrilling incidents in the work of the telegraph operator, the express messenger, the railway clerk, and curious and pathetic happenings in the opening of new transcontinental lines.

His style is most direct and his diction simple and forcible. He has the happy knack of using a colloquial style without appearing common, of using technical expressions freely without being obscure, of adapting

a word of slang when it fits, and a stronger word when it is necessary, without leaving the impression of being either vulgar or profane.

The stories in his latest book ("Weiga of Temagami") deal largely with the Indian and are a valuable addition to Canadian literature because of their preservation of Indian legends and their insight into the mental make-up of the Indian.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

William Henry Drummond was born in Ireland in 1854. He was educated in Canada for the profession of medicine. His death occurred some months ago at Cobalt, where he had gone to assist in looking after the men in some mines in which he was interested. A volume of his poems was published after his death.

Dr. Drummond's work stands out as the most skilful, sympathetic interpretation of French-Canadian life which we have in Canadian literature. The French-Canadian dialect in which it is written gives it a quaintness and humor, peculiarly its own, but throughout the poems there are many examples of humor, kindly and sympathetic.

In his poems we get many tender little studies of child life and incidents in the home life of the habitants. The canoe, the log-jam, the fishing and hunting scenes are all sung in this quaint dialect, and a fund of common-sense philosophy is imparted withal. "Johnnie's First Moose," combines with these qualities, that of most appropriate musical effect, due to the special rhythm adopted:

"Doesn't matter w'at you're chasin',
Doesn't matter w'at you're facin',
Only watch de ting you're doin',
If you don't ba gosh! you're ruin'!
An' steady, Johnny, steady
—kip your
head down low."

Sir Gilbert Parker was born in Ontario in 1859. In 1886, owing to delicate health he sought the warmer climate of Australia. While there he did considerable journalistic work and also wrote a number of poems. From Australia he went to London and has made England his home, taking an active part in politics as a member of the House of Commons.

His early fiction consisted of short stories dealing with the adventures of traders and trappers. He wrote also short stories and novels with their setting in the days of the French regime. His more recent stories are of English and Eastern scenes, but it is hinted that he will in the near future return in his writings to Canadian fields.

He is a prolific writer despite his

active public interests. It is said that he has accustomed himself to writing anywhere. If by chance he should be delayed at some out of the way station for an hour or so, instead of fretting or fidgeting, he sits down and tosses off a short story or writes a chapter or two of a new book.

His style is clear and his description vivid. He has a keen appreciation of dramatic effect which probably accounts for the ease with which some of his works have been arranged successfully for the stage.

R. J. C. STEAD

"Ralph Connor" (Rev. Charles W. Gordon) is, judging by the immense sale of his books, a highly popular writer. The popularity is due chiefly to the deep human interest and the naturalness of his stories. No one else has shown so skilfully the conditions of life in the West, nor has any other writer shown so plainly the work that can be done by men with the heroic, self-sacrificing, missionary spirit to uplift the people and guarantee a happy future for the country.

Himself a missionary, he has in his earlier books portrayed life among the pioneers of the foothill country. He has also described the early life of Ontario in his "Man From Glengarry," and "Glengarry Schooldays." All this is first hand material for he was born in Glengarry county in 1860 and spent his early boyhood there. For some years he has been pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Winnipeg.

The particular type of rural community which is the background of "Marian Keith's" stories may be duplicated in many parts of Canada and is remarkably common in older Ontario —a community originally settled by Scottish Presbyterians and afterwards leavened with just enough English and Irish to throw into relief the chief characteristics of each nationality. The strong features of her work are its spontaneous humor and clever revelation of the leading traits of Scottish-Canadian character.

"Marian Keith" (Miss Esther Miller) was born at Rugby, Ontario, educated at the Orillia Collegiate Institute and spent several years as teacher in Orillia Public school. She now devotes her attention entirely to literary work.

Arthur J. Stringer was born in Western Ontario in 1874. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto and studied also at Oxford. Entering the field of Canadian journalism at Montreal, he displayed so much originality and skill in his work that the attention of the New York papers was drawn to him and as a result he accepted an offer to go to New York city.

J. W. TYRRELL

His first published volumes were poetry. His verse has been accorded a high place in Canadian literature. It is marked by force, brevity, picturesqueness and keen insight into human nature. His fiction is, however, mostly of the light, sensational class, depending chiefly for its interest upon extraordinary incidents and thrilling complications. His characters

PAULINE JOHNSON

are not strongly drawn; one scarcely knows what to expect from them and is impressed with the feeling that the author scarcely knows either—he seems to have no real grip of them. In parts of his novels the journalistic side of the author supersedes the novel-writer, but the purely journalistic work is strong, and attractively presented.

W. A. Fraser, like many more of our literary workers, comes from Nova Scotia, although his home is now at Georgetown, near Toronto. In his capacity as a civil engineer he spent some time in India and there obtained material for many capital short stories.

But the field in which Fraser stands almost alone is the sympathetic interpretation of the life of the horse, and the various phases of the race-track and stables. His novel "Thoroughbreds," is a good example of this class of writing.

His "Mooswa, and Others of the Boundaries" belongs to another type of story in which he is quite as much at home, the description of life in the wilds, particularly the life of the creatures of the woods. He ranks high as a writer of animal stories.

The work of Miss Pauline Johnson is remarkable chiefly because of her race. She is the only one of Indian blood to produce verse of note in the English tongue.

She was born on the Indian reserve near Brantford, and is a daughter of Chief Johnson of the Mohawk tribe of Indians. Her work is marked by ease, polish and delicate musical effect. She writes graceful lyrics of nature.

There are many other Canadian writers, adding their share to the different departments of Canadian literature, but during the past decade those we have mentioned have probably been the leaders in their respective fields. Within the past year several new names have gained special attention, not only in their native land but in the leading English-speaking countries. To these we now direct our attention.

Robert W. Service is widely known by his "Songs of a Sourdough." Born in Lancashire, England, over thirty years ago, he spent his early life in Scotland. He came to Canada at the age of twenty and made his way from city to city until he reached the Pacific coast. He wandered up and down from Victoria to the city of Mexico and finally settled as a bank clerk, in the

JEAN BLEWETT

CY WARMAN

office of the Bank of Commerce at Victoria. Later on he was transferred to the Yukon District.

His experiences in the Yukon district are set forth in his poems with a force that captures the English-speaking readers of all countries. His language is plain and forcible and grips the attention, and holds it while short, vivid, insistent epithets hammer themselves deeply into the mind.

He portrays skilfully the spirit of *wanderlust* which is the characteristic of the gold-seeker of the Yukon, and he paints with quick, bold strokes on a broad canvas the vastnesses and

MARIAN KEITH"

desolation of the North. There is a tone of pessimism about his poetry as shown by such extracts as:

"The trails of the world be countless, and most of the trails be tried;
You tread on the heels of the many, till you come where the ways divide;
And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the other is dreary and wan;
Yet you look aslant at the Lone Trail and the Lone Trail lures you on."

Robert J. C. Stead is a poet of another type. Growing up with the prairie —for his parents came from their native Ontario and settled as pioneers at Cartwright, Manitoba,—he imbibed the hopeful spirit of the free western air and in the "Empire Builders" gives a sane and inspiring view of the problems of the West, and of Canada's standing, share and responsibilities as a part of the great British Empire.

With the eye of a seer he looks beyond the ragged shack of the homesteader and sees just what that shack means to the future of the country:

"Greater than the measure of the heroes of renown,
He is building for the future and no hand can hold him down;
Tho' they count him but a common man he holds the Outer Gate,
And posterity will own him as the father of the state."

Although quite a young man —he was born in Ontario in 1880—Mr. Stead is the owner of two newspapers in Manitoba.

Ontario has given the West still another writer in the person of R. Henry Mainer, who, after about twenty-six years of life in his native town of Orillia, felt the need of expansion and made his way to Winnipeg some seven years ago. Although the manager of a large electrical firm, he still clung to his old habit of writing good short stories and even went so far as to embody a series of sketches in book form producing a new type of Canadian novel in his "Nancy McVeigh of the Monk Road." Mr. Mainer has a refreshing, unconventional style which is peculiarly his own.

And down by the sea, listening by the moonlight to the surging waters of the Gulf striking against the red cliffs, a young lady of Prince Edward Island conceives and writes a story which equals as a character creation the work of the masters of literature. Miss L. M. Montgomery in her "Anne of Green Gables," gives a study of child life and of Canadian rural conditions which is so natural, so unstudied and so thoroughly consistent as to place it high in the estimation of all readers.

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

Miss Montgomery was born at Clifton, Prince Edward Island, and is a granddaughter of the late Senator Montgomery. She was educated at the Prince of Wales College, and at Dalhousie College and spent a few years in the teaching profession. She contributes verse and stories to the leading magazines.

Archie P. McKishnie is a brother of Mrs. Jean Blewett. He was born in 1878 in the Scottish-Canadian colony on Rondeau Bay, Lake Erie. For some years he has been a contributor of verse, short stories and sketches to American and Canadian magazines. His work shows a tender sympathy with nature and humanity, with a frequently added undertone of quiet humor.

His most pretentious work so far is "Gaff Linkum," a story of rural and village life, with the scene laid near Lake Erie. The book has defects of plot and literary detail but is valuable for its reproduction of local types of character, rural scenes, and descriptions of the ways and haunts of the denizens of the wood and marshes.

WILLIAM WILFRID CAMPBELL

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung was born in 1873 at Chatsworth in Grey County, Ontario; her family removed to Manitoba when she was quite young. She taught school for some time and while engaged in that profession began contributing verse and short stories to the magazines. Her first book "Sowing Seeds in Danny" is a simple tale of western village life but is so delightfully quaint and full of human interest in its simplicity that it has already won a large circle of readers. Mrs. McClung lives at Manitou, Manitoba.

James W. Tyrrell, C.E., is known in literature chiefly by his work of travel "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." In this book which has recently been revised and enlarged, the writer gives first-hand, valuable information dealing with the almost unknown territory lying around Hudson Bay and to the westward.

Mr. Tyrrell is a native of Weston, Ontario, where he was born in 1863. He is a graduate of the School of Practical Science and of the University of Toronto. In 1885-6 he was with the Alert expedition surveying Hudson Bay and Strait. In 1893 he accompanied his brother J. B. Tyrrell as topographer and Eskimo interpreter on an expedition from Lake Athabasca through the Barren Lands to Chesterfield Inlet. He makes his home in Hamilton, Ontario, where he practises as a Civil and Sanitary Engineer and Land Surveyor.

In spite of the long prevalent critical attitude, "Nothing good in literature can come out of Canada," a remarkable advance has been made within the past few years in all departments of Canadian literature. Canadians are just beginning to realize that their country contains not only an abundance of natural resources but also boundless stores of unmined literary material—romance, tradition, legend, biography, history. No one doubts that this is Canada's century in things material. It promises to be also the "growing age" of Canadian literature.

EVERY ALBERTAN WAS GLAD THAT EARL GREY SHOULD BE PRESENT TO SHARE IN A DAY NEXT IN IMPORTANCE TO THAT OF INAUGURATION

ALBERTA'S CORNER STONE

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ONCE upon a time, about two hundred years ago, the Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, journeyed into the far and frozen north, and there, among the Indians and animals, set up what was for many a decade, their farthest north trading post. Here, also, at the same time (both parties claiming priority) came the members of the North-West Company, and did likewise. It was a tiny dot on the map, this little Fort Edmonton, known then indeed by a different name. But there it stood, serene and sturdy, in its whitewashed stockade on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan as its successor (built one hundred years later), stands to-day.

Many a curious sight the Fort must have looked on, and many a queer tale have its wooden ears overheard: Indian talk in plenty, and weird music from the tom-tom; songs and stories of the Old Country, and the sound of pipes; rebellion and the crushing of it; trappers coming down the river, on foot or with dogs or ponies; miners with their primitive outfit for washing gold from the sands; dancing, love-making, law-giving for so large a land from so small a point; fairy tales of the mysterious northland; home legends of the east and south, told under the Northern Lights that flamed and wheeled as they do to-day—in the deep sky above.

So for nearly two hundred years, with only a little change, season by season, out of the world it lay. Then, suddenly, a newspaper began. That

brought the telegraph. Following that the railroad, and hey presto! To-day we are the capital city of this banner province, with a past that is history, a present that is full of portent and a future that we believe shall be writ large.

Three years ago the "Big House," for so many years the home of Richard Hardisty, chief factor of this North Country, was burned to the ground. But the typical Hudson's Bay fort, white-walled, red-roofed, still stands above the rolling river.

But the difference!

Where the coal seams the sides of the steep banks, real mines are at work, many and flourishing; where the virgin land stretched southwards across the river, to-day rises the city of Strathcona, already laying the foundations of that splendid university that promises to be the pride of the province. Down the river, eastwards, out of sight, but a prevailing force for progress, the mighty Clover Bar bridge spans the stream, bringing us a new railway, which will open nearer gateways to the fast approaching north. Westward, the Fort turns confident eyes to the place where the high level bridge shall presently connect the sister cities. And behind it!—well—let the accompanying pictures tell something of the city and the population that has sprung up east, west and north of the spot where the first flag flew.

This is the first of October. Look at the flags to-day! Look at the bunting, the mottoes, the greenery! Look at the children! Children by scores, children by hundreds, marching to the sound of music, like the children of Hamlin, long ago. Who is the Piper that pipes to them? What is the song they hear? Woven of music and sunshine, and wind, it comes to us, that stirring song of strength and progress, to which the little feet move, The March of the Future.

Meantime, taking their places in the long procession, wherein soldiers, societies, firemen, and plain citizens make so brave a showing, they pile down the

SOLDIERS, SOCIETIES, FIREMEN AND PLAIN CITIZENS PILE DOWN THE STREETS AND SWEEP TUMULTUOUSLY THROUGH THE GREEN ARCHWAYS

streets and sweep tumultuously through the green archway that guards the stockade of a day, and seethe over the space inside. Soon the big enclosure is crowded with people. For to-day is an historic occasion. Down here, on the site of the "Big House," where the laws of the past were guarded or made, are to rise the Parliament Buildings, where the Frame of the Future will, we trust, be as well and truly laid as the corner-stone laid to-day.

We are early in the grandstand, and there is time to take everything in—the gay colors of the pavilions, one for His Excellency the Governor-General, and the official party; one for the band, and as many spectators as can gain a footing there. Then the grandstand itself, all ablaze with the national colors in every shape and form. Truly the West is *en fete* to-day.

Last night the whole road, from Strathcona to Edmonton, was strung with lights from hill to hill, to greet the King's representative, and decorations in colors and electricity, fireworks, green boughs, red fire and waving torches, the music of drums and pipes, proclaimed our coming holiday. It was a quaint touch to find in this stronghold of the last west, an arch aglow with swinging lanterns, and many a strange device of the Orient—whose English motto ran:

"Tell King Edward we are his loyal subjects," all planned and erected by the Chinese of the city.

The procession has arrived now, and the 101st Fusiliers, spick and span in scarlet and white, form an aisle for His Excellency's entrance. And the Boys' Brigade, how well they march, how proud we are of them. Look! Here comes the Bodyguard, and a stir greets the entrance of the gallant Mounted Police as they swing into place. A moment more, and to a burst of music and cheering, come the Governor-General, Lieutenant-Governor and their staffs, the Premier, ladies, and representatives of both the Dominion and Provincial governments.

Most corner-stones are laid in the same way. At this one, as at others, all sorts of precious relics were cached

LOOK AT THE FLAGS, THE BUNTING, THE MOTTOES, THE GREENERY.

THE 101ST FUSILIERS, SPICK AND SPAN, FORM AN AISLE FOR HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENTRANCE

below it, before the great stone was swung into place, and Lord Grey, with the customary accolade of the trowel, announced it well and truly laid. There were the customary speeches and plaudits. But there were also one or two things individual to the occasion.

The man who laid the stone, one who indeed fills the position of Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, fills both the fact and the idea of it. Every Albertan was glad that Earl Grey, who was here at the birth of the province, should again be present to commemorate and share in a day next in importance to that of inauguration.

The touch of history that is so dear, where most things smell of new paint; the view of swift-flowing river, a city on either side, the glittering country beyond, glittering truly in its armour of golden leaves and grass, under one of those skies for which Sunny Alberta is justly famous, made an ensemble not easily outdone.

"What it must be, to those who stood here fifty years ago," I thought. And the man beside me said: "What will it be to those who stand here fifty years hence!"

"What of the men who broke the trail,
Men from the south and east?
Eager they fought for the hungry land,
As men who fare to a feast.
Pelts brought the trapper, barter and sale
Comforts wrung from the cold
Many a miner, led by the lure
Of pale Saskatchewan gold.

"What of the women, strong and brave,
Who came with their chosen men?
Out of the strength of their hearts they gave
Over and over again.
Ah! and it isn't so long ago,
But some of that lusty race,
To council, applaud, or smile 'We know,'
Are still in this very place.

"Now there are cattle and coal and wheat,
Lumber and salt and fur,
Value untold to have and to hold,
For the sturdy Conqueror.
Gold still lies in the river's bed—
And oh! the poplar trees!
Golden, golden, overhead,
In the warm autumnal breeze.

"The same grand sweep of the big Northwest,
River and tree and hill;
Past and Present, to-day we stand,
Watching the canvas fill
With dreams of the future, fine and true,
Which Canada's chosen ones
Shall find the wit and the will to do,
Under Alberta's suns."

Only Jones

A DAY-BEFORE-CHRISTMAS STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, WILBUR D. SAMUEL E. KISER AND NESBIT

Part I.

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

THE Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair was suffering in the flesh and in the spirit. A cup of tea in his right hand, a wreath of holly dangling from that wrist, and P. Wilmering Delancey standing at his left and interrupting his profound remarks to Miss Ursula Allen made a combination to try his soul. The words, the glances, the smiles that he felt were meant for him were being coolly appropriated by P. Wilmering. Worse than that, P. Wilmering was able to sip his tea without allowing the holly to slide to his shoulder. Nor was the holly tickling the wrist of P. Wilmering as it was that of the Rev. Simms-Sinclair. P. Wilmering acted as if he might have sipped tea with both hands cuffed behind him. The Rev. Simms-Sinclair almost wished his rival were in that predicament, and about forty miles away at the same time. Now Jones, who was patiently putting holly and evergreen about the woodwork and pictures—(the three men had come to help get things ready for the children's party)—Jones, we say, was not bothering the Rev. Simms-Sinclair. Jones was not bothering any one. In the main, it was Ursula Allen who bothered the reverend young gentleman. Women—young women—can bother the mind of man without intending so to do. Ask them. They will assure you they never have any such intention.

"Ah," mused the Rev. Simms-Sinclair, doing a Hermann the Great movement and capturing his cup before it jumped from the edge of the saucer, "ah, what would Christmas be without the children?" His eyes took on a mellow look and he gazed tenderly at the two young people before him. "What would Christmas be without the children?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked Jones, after neither of the others had supplied the Rev. Simms-Sinclair with a reply.

"Er—ah—that is, my remark was purely a general one," explained the rector of St. Paul's.

"Kind of an echo-answers-why proposition?" said Delancey.

"Or the children without Christmas?" asked Ursula, handing another bunch of evergreen to Jones. "One poor family down in Abbledale alley has sixteen children. Sixteen! Think of that!"

"Fellow ought really to think of sixteen children in instalments," declared P. Wilmering, earnestly. "If I have to think of all of them at once I'd rather think of an orphans' home and be done with it."

The Rev. Simms-Sinclair saw his op-

portunity to waft himself into the wave of sympathy that was engulfing Ursula.

"What can the father of those little ones do?" he inquired, with pathos in his voice. To hear him, one could conjure up pictures of a worn, weary man coming home in the gloomy twilight, disentangling himself from thirty-two arms and trying to answer sixteen simultaneous requests for a penny. "What can the father of those poor little ones do?"

"Write to Roosevelt," suggested Jones, who was standing on a chair and trying to harmonize a strand of cypress and holly berries with the rubicund visage of good old Uncle Jethro Allen, who had fought, bled and died in the Mexican war—and lived to tell of it.

"Are the—is the quadruple quartet to be here to-night?" Delancey asked, anxiously.

"No, the poor things!" Ursula answered. "They live too far away. But I've packed a basket of goodies for them and am going around there before evening."

"Anyhow, the children you have asked here to-night are in for the time of their lives," asserted Delancey. "Nobody but you could arrange things so well for them."

"That is true," agreed the Rev. Simms-Sinclair, pressing his fingers together and rocking back and forth on his heels and toes. "It shows that you have a heart of gold, Miss Ursula."

"No, no," Ursula dimpled. "But I want everybody to be happy on Christmas day, and if there is anything I can do or say for them on Christmas eve, I am only too glad of it. And it is simply noble of you men to help so much in getting the house ready."

Jones, who was posing as one figure of the Laocoon group, with some ten yards of greens representing the entwining serpent, glanced at the tea cups and then laughed as well as a man may be expected to laugh when his hilarity is strained through a serried row of tacks and teeth. Delancey walked down the room to study the effect of the decorations, and Simms-Sinclair drew nearer to Ursula, to say softly:

"You were speaking of wanting this to be a happy Christmas for all, Miss Ursula. And that if there was anything you could say or do you would be only too glad. Now, there is one poor, lonely soul that you can cheer at this time. It is"—

THEY REACHED THE FOOT OF THE STEPS IN DISORDER

Before he could finish, Delancey came back, and the Rev. Simms-Sinclair is yet wondering whether he fractured a commandment by concluding his remark with a reference to a poverty-stricken parishioner of his who had been released from jail only to learn that his job had not been held for him during his stay in the cells.

"Poor man!" Ursula sighed. We must take a basket to his family. He has children, you say?"

"Yes. That is fine of you—splendid. Ah, what would Christmas be without the—"

"Without the mistletoe," Delancey interrupted. "Simms-Sinclair, take a look at that wreath Jones has hung

upon the brow of the bust of grandpa Allen. As an arbiter of what is elegant and decorous in this community, doesn't it give the benign old gentleman rather a bacchanalian air?"

"Such an idea!" Ursula gurgled, glancing at the bust.

"The idea!" Simms-Sinclair gasped. But he became worried about it, and went to adjust the wreath into more of the position of a halo. It should have been stated, and we shall state it while Simms-Sinclair is fumbling with the holly, that he spelled his name Simms-Sinclair, but insisted that it be pronounced "Simms-Sinkler," with as nearly a hyphenated effect as possible. He had taken his degree at Oxford,—good old Oxford, where they have the massive silver service. Many a time and oft had he described that silver service to Ursula. English, and a product of Oxford, he must be called "Simms-Sinkler." There was a vague dignity about the name when so spoken. Secretly, the one large grief of his life was that his name was not like those English names which are spelled with two-thirds of the alphabet and pronounced with a mumble and a shudder. Half the time Ursula called him Simms-Sinclair and the other half Simms-Sinkler, and this fretted him. Then, her rapid flow of talk at times was hard for him to follow. A woman can say nothing so earnestly that a man will mentally upbraid himself for not grasping the weight of her thought. Especially is this true when she is an Ursula Allen. We shall not go into detail as to her hair and eyes and cheeks and lips. She had them and she was beautiful. All heroines have and are. Simms-Sinclair would have described her as a poem; and P. Wilmering Delancey would have told you that she was a dream. If so many men did not like poetry or believe in dreams —But what is the good of speculating? While the rector was adjusting the wreath on the bust of grandpa Allen, Delancey told Ursula that he had something to say to her when she had a moment to spare.

"My goodness!" she said. "I don't know when I'm going to have a restful moment until after New Year's."

"But this will only take a minute. Maybe—"

"Shall I put the mistletoe on the chandelier or will you trust to luck?" Jones asked suddenly, from behind Delancey.

"I didn't know we had any mistletoe," Ursula pouted.

It is a wrong idea to tell girls about the mistletoe.

"Mistletoe," Simms-Sinclair remarked, ponderously, "mistletoe, I may say, is a relic of an ancient pagan rite, and should be"—

"Those pagans had their faults," Delancey asserted; then with a feeble smile: "But they always stood up for their rites."

"A pun!" Ursula said sarcastically. "Puns give me the creeps."

"Puns, I may say, have been characterized as the lowest order of wit," supplemented the Rev. Simms-Sinclair.

"Bet you can't tell what the pun was—and that's worse than making one," Delancey retorted.

"Now, let's not quarrel over it," Ursula laughed. "I'm wondering what has become of Mr. McAdam. He promised to be here, too, and to help."

"Not Jabez McAdam, the railroad organizer, or disorganizer, or whatever you call him?" Delancey asked.

"Yes, and two or three others, and a lot of pretty girls. They are coming to-night to assist. I chose the prettiest ones I know because you men must have beauty about you."

"As far as I am concerned," Delancey vowed, "I stand with the old Prussian poet—what's his name?—the fellow that spiked his verses with capital letters and asked whether you got off the car at this corner or rode as far as the barns."

"What in the world are you talking about?" Ursula asked.

"I mean the chap that wrote that thing to the lady and told her that as long as he had her and a cold bottle and a best selling book the wilderness would be a furnished apartment with a kind hearted janitor."

Simms-Sinclair gravely took a cup from the table and studied it before correcting P. Wilmering.

"It was not a Prussian poet," he announced. "It was a Persian—Omar Khayyam—and he"—

A muffled mumble came from Jones.

"Are you choking on a tack, Mr. Jones?" Ursula cried, going toward him. "I told you to be careful."

Jones took some tacks from between his lips and explained that he had merely been laughing.

"Mr. Jones always sees the funny side of things," Ursula said.

Simms-Sinclair heard this statement with calm approval. Was not the laugh on P. Wilmering?"

"What I'd like to know," Ursula remarked, "is which of you is going to play Santa Claus to-night."

"Which of us?" asked Simms-Sinclair. "A man of my cloth could hardly—I must beg of you to excuse me from such a task."

Now Simms-Sinclair could think rapidly when he had to, and just then he was swiftly reflecting that whoever enacted the role of Santa Claus would be kept from the side of Ursula the entire evening. Also, P. Wilmering Delancey could think quickly. No Santa Claus for him— He knew what he wanted Santa Claus to give him, and he knew if he played Santa he would not get a chance to ask for it.

"I haven't any conscientious scruples," he explained, "but I couldn't take the part of Santa Claus. I haven't the flesh. The spirit is willing but the flesh is missing. Simms-Sinclair is all right for the part. He's fat—"

"Sir!" from Simms-Sinclair.

"He's fat and good natured—sometimes—and he's fond of children. What would Christmas be without them, Simms-Sinclair?"

"I'll be Santa," Jones offered.

"O, you're the very man for the part!" Ursula beamed.

"Couldn't get a better," agreed the rector.

"Just what you should do," Delancey asserted.

"But where's Mr. McAdam?" Ursula asked, wonderingly. "He said he would come this afternoon, sure."

"McAdam has his troubles," Delancey said. "He's mixed up in a big suit of some kind. To-day's papers are full of it."

"I'm surprised," Simms-Sinclair sighed. "He always impressed me as a very clever gentleman—mayhap a trifle crude, but then—"

"O, they just want to sue him for merging a lot of railroads and making a lot of money," Delancey explained. "In this country, if you don't make money some one will sue you, and as soon as you do make money they begin picking out the jury."

"He will be here, though," Ursula declared, positively. "Mr. McAdams always keeps his promises. He does what he says he will do. He is one of these big, bold, aggressive men who conquer all obstacles—"

Unusual sounds in the hall interrupted her. They all turned and looked in that direction.

"But I say, sir, 'old on a bit," they heard Jeems, the footman, saying. "If you'll give me your nyme or your card, sir, HI'll tyke it hin, sir."

"I'll take it in myself, young man," came in heavy tones. "You do as I tell you, and you'll be allright."

"But you'll 'ave to give me your nyme, sir. Hit's the horders, sir."

"I haven't got time to wait for you to play megaphone for me. Just suppose I haven't come in at all, will you, young fellow?"

"Thank you kindly, sir," was the submissive reply—and Jabez McAdam walked into the room.

"Howdy all," he said heartily. "Didn't bother to ring. Just walked in. Jeems, there, in the hall, didn't seem to want me to, but I convinced him I wasn't calling on him."

"We're all glad to see you, at any rate," Ursula smiled. "I was only this moment saying you would be sure to come."

"Yes," McAdam laughed. "I overheard you, while Jeems was getting his breath. Glad to have a friend at court. Wish you'd be on the bench if they ever serve those papers on me. Now, what's up here?"

"We've been decorating for Christmas."

"Christmas?"

"To be sure. To-morrow, you know. This is Christmas Eve."

"You don't say! I've been so busy I haven't kept track of holidays—not even Fourth of July or Thanksgiving—except Sundays. Have to remember Sundays, don't we, Simms-Sinclair?" (He pronounced the rector's name as it was spelled.)

"Simms-*Sinkler*, if you please," said that gentleman, stiffly.

"Sure! Have it your own way. But why don't you say it the way you spell it, or spell it the way you say it?"

"It's the way we English pronounce it, and one naturally wishes to have his name pronounced as he—"

"Of course, my boy. Sure! Simms *Sinkler*, then. How's that sound? Delancey, got any choice about your name?"

"Only as to who may take it some day," Delancey said, eyeing Ursula, but she was studying the holly over a picture.

"Well, tastes differ. Some people may want to take Delancey for a name, and some may want to take McAdam. How about that, Jones?"

"You never can tell," Jones replied, brushing some holly leaves from his coat.

"O, I guess you can tell all right enough. All you got to do is find out. Isn't that right, Miss Ursula?"

"Now, our work here is over for the present," Ursula evaded. "I must begin my round of Christmas visits. I have any amount of presents for my poor charges."

"And don't forget, Miss Ursula," begged Simms-Sinclair, "that you promised to look in on some of my worthy parishioners. There's the man who lost his position."

"Look here," McAdam remarked, bluntly. "If I'd known Miss Ursula was going to run around and see each fellow's objects of charity, blest if I wouldn't have had ten or fifteen men fired—for Christmas week, anyhow."

"But the cases I mention are real," Simms-Sinclair stated.

"There's that man with the free silver ratio of children," Delancey suggested.

"There are a goodly number of them," calmly continued the rector. "I have a wedding ceremony to perform at six o'clock and cannot devote the time I should like to the visits. When I took my degree at Oxford I promised myself that never should a Christmas go by without my visiting the poor."

"Say, I endowed a chair at Oxford," Jabez McAdam said, slipping his heavy gold watch guard through his fingers. "How'd you ever happen to go there?"

"Endowed a chair at Oxford? You don't mean it."

"Did, all right enough. Give 'em a fund of ten thousand and told 'em to go ahead and cut loose. Natural science, or liberal art, or something. What were you doing there?"

"What should I be doing there but getting my education?" asked the rector, blandly.

"Why, it's a school for girls."

"Girls' school! Oxford a girls' school! My dear, dear Mr. McAdam!

"Look here, Simms-Sinkler, don't you go to making love to me. Of course it's a girls' school."

The Reverend Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair fluttered his hands despairingly at contemplating a man who would put skirts on his alma mater.

"It's a girls' school, all right enough, professor—I mean reverend," Jabez went on. "Bet you anything. But you don't bet. I'll endow another chair if it isn't."

"Simms-Sinclair," offered Delancey, "you must have been so studious that you didn't notice the ladies about you. How you've changed!"

Ursula giggled at this, and opened her lips as though about to smooth things over, when Simms-Sinclair arose in his own defense again:

"Anybody in England will tell you that Oxford is—"

"England!" Jabez broke in. "England! Bless your soul, man! The school I played Rockefeller to is over here at Oxford, Ontario."

"Well, that's different," Simms-Sinclair conceded.

"Of course. Sure! I take it all back. The drinks—I mean the tea is on me. Give him another cup, Miss Ursula, and let me make a donation to your Christmas fund."

"The fund is food and clothing," Ursula answered, pouring the tea. "And it is all packed, ready to deliver."

McAdam pulled from his pocket a hugely corpulent roll of bills. The outer wrapper had a C on it, and the bundle was as thick as his wrist. He flipped the bills against the end of his thumb and said;

"I'll not be left out. I'll just tuck one of these shinplasters into each basket. That's me. I may be late getting into the game, but I'll make my ante good. I'll go along with you on this good Samaritan trip and scatter seeds of sunshine. Isn't there some kind of a song about scattering seeds of sunshine?"

"There is," Simms-Sinclair informed him.

"Well, money talks, but we'll make it sing this time. Eh?"

"That is simply grand of you, Mr. McAdam," Ursula asserted, and McAdam felt his heart thumping fiercely against his vest. "I know you are a man who wants to make the poor little children happy, aren't you?"

"Sure! Of course. Going to have a bunch of them here to-night, aren't you? Mighty pretty decorations."

"Yes, Mr. Jones put most of them up. Don't you think the children will like them?"

"Sure! Should say so! Tell you what. I'll just tie some ten dollar bills every foot or so on those ropes of green stuff. Then tell the kids it's a new kind of flower and your Uncle Dudley is the florist."

"I'm afraid that might keep the children from enjoying the trifles I am going to put on the tree for them," Ursula demurred.

"I'll cut it out, then," Jabez replied. "You just tell me where to spill the money and I'll tap my barrel. I'm in your hands, understand."

He looked so meaningly at Ursula that Delancey felt the ground being pulled from under his feet.

"Let me come to the front with my bright idea," he begged. "It's getting late in the afternoon, and my automobile is ten times as fast as Miss Allen's carriage will be. I'll take her and her packages around to the houses she wants to find. It'll be no trouble at all. My big machine is to call for me here in just a minute."

"You are awfully kind," Ursula answered. "But I could not think of troubling you. Mr. Jones was going with me as a general utility man, and—"

"Jones is tired out now with all he has done," P. Wilmering said.

"And besides he has to prepare for the Santa Claus work of this evening," submitted the rector.

"Don't consider me at all," Jones requested. "I think Mr. Delancey's suggestion very good."

"But you haven't yet finished your work," Simms-Sinclair argued. "You haven't yet hung the mistletoe."

"Hang the mistletoe!" Jabez exclaimed. "What we need is more confidence and less mistletoe. We could have left packages at half a dozen places while we are arguing. Let's all get into the buzz wagon and take the things around. Let's all of us go. I don't intend to be crowded out as soon as I get here. Not me. Not Jabez McAdams. No, sir! This is the first Christmas I've heard of in five years and I'm going to stay to the finish. Come on. Where's the bundles?"

Under the domination of this master of men and money there was nothing else to do but to obey. Delancey peered out of the window and saw his machine standing near the curb, ready for him. Ursula showed them the packages, heaped in the rear of the wide hall. Then the men began carrying out the things. They moved by platoon—four at a time. Neither of them would let any of the others be left alone in the house with Ursula, even for a moment. They were going down the steps with the last load when Jabez saw what he thought was his chance to get a quiet word with her, and started back. He bumped into Simms-Sinclair, who dropped a turkey. It landed between the feet of Delancey, who shouted and fell, dragging the others down with him. They reached the foot of the steps in disorder.

Ursula ran out and asked if they were hurt. Silently they disentangled themselves and arose.

"No bones broken," Jabez said, with a nervous glance down the street. Stooping, he picked up the turkey the rector had been carrying. He found the tag bearing the address of its intended recipient, and read:

"Mrs. Eliphalet Maginniss."

The turkey was flattened. It had lost the proud, plump pulchritude of the conventional Christmas bird.

"Yes, poor Mrs. Maginniss," Ursula said. "She has six small children and I chose the fattest turkey for them."

"Mrs. Eliphalet Maginniss," Jabez exclaimed, tucking a bill into the disarranged package, "will have to be content with one pressed turkey and one of Canada's chromos."

"There isn't going to be room for all of us, I'm afraid," Delancey informed them. "The machine is chockfull of bundles now."

"Leave me out," Jones said. "I'd rather run along home, anyhow. Give me that package for Mrs. Callahan, and I'll take it to her. It's not much out of my way."

He went into the house to get his hat brushed. Ursula followed him, calling back:

"Wait a minute. I must go and show Mr. Jones where to hang the mistletoe."

The others waited what seemed to them a prodigiously long time.

"I've got that six o'clock wedding," Simms-Sinclair fretted. "Every minute counts with me."

"Huh!" Jabez commented. "Every minute counts with me, too. Let's all go in and see about that mistletoe."

To be continued

THE KING IS BORN

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

WHAT light is this that puts to scorn
Each other star the night hath worn?
Comes it the harbinger of morn,
Or shines it for a king new-born?
It shines because The King is born.

Who are these still and hurrying,
That flit as swift as birds a-wing;
Or doers of some evil thing,
Or servants of the new-born King?
The Wise Men seek the New-born King.

Let me too offer sacrifice
To Him before the mid-dark dies:
Yet how shall I dare lift mine eyes
In that high birth-hall where He lies?
Nay, cradled in a stall He lies.

What gift have I? What shall befall
When I creep to the oxen's stall
A broken man—a prodigal?—
Sure I shall be despised of all.
You shall be welcome most of all.

—*Wander Songs.*

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth

Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him.

CHAPTER XI. Continued.

Robert Patterson lay at full length on a patch of dry sand in the shelter of the vessel, his arms above his head, his eyes closed—the picture of relaxation.

Fay stood an instant looking at him, before making her presence known, then taking a few steps forward and brushing his feet with her skirt, she stepped quickly back, as though she saw the young man for the first time. He sat up and reached for his coat.

"Don't bother," said Fay, carelessly, "I am not going to stay." She did not even look at him, but moved slowly away, her eyes scanning the beach as she went.

Robert rose to his feet. "Have you lost something?" he asked politely.

She stopped, turned, and raised a pair of innocent, troubled eyes to his.

"Yes," she answered, with a shade of hesitation.

"What is it?" Robert questioned further, without the least impertinence.

"My temper, and my peace of mind," was the serious answer. "Can you help me find them?"

Patterson looked at the girl, thoughtfully. He did not know just what to say or do, so he wisely said nothing. Without realizing it however, he looked down at the dry patch of sand from which he had risen and Fay followed his glance. Then their eyes met and they smiled.

"I won't be intruding? I don't want to talk, you know."

"Oh no," Robert said quickly. He did want to talk, if he could find anything to say. "Will you stay?"

For answer Miss Chester sat down and began digging holes in the sand with the heel of her shoe. Furtively, she saw Robert watching her and was glad her feet were small. It seemed more than probable that Mrs. Patterson wore a 6½D, common sense boot.

A little sail boat swung lazily out on the sky line, a school of porpoises passed close to the shore, and a gull called shrilly to his mate. Robert seemed intensely alive to these things, all at once.

He was conscious of a change somewhere. Even without seeing her, he

felt that this girl was near. He had never recognized the nearness of a presence before, unless it were to be slightly irritated by it. If his mother entered the room when he was reading, he would rise mechanically until she had seated herself, then sit down to his book and promptly forget her existence. With Mr. Canfrey there had been less realization of anything, for of late years, the deference between teacher and pupil had been entirely on the side of the tutor, and Robert had not even considered it necessary to look up from his reading.

So when Fay sat down and things took on a different aspect, he looked with keen appreciation at the girl who could work such a radical change. He sat up suddenly and said,

"I like this."

"What?"

"Out there—I have never seen the ocean before."

"Really?" Fay threw just the proper amount of surprise into her voice, to show her interest. Too much would have disgusted Robert, too little would have repulsed him.

"No, I have never seen anything, nor done anything that any one else has," and before he realized it, he had told the girl beside him the meagre story of his twenty-five years; about the Harris boy episode, about Mr. Canfrey, about his mother—nay, he told her much more than he knew. Altogether it was a dull, colorless tale, which Robert felt himself for the first time.

"In short," suggested Miss Chester, "until now, Mr. Patterson, your life has been an uncommonly good demonstration of the orthodox Presbyterian Sunday. What are you going to do in the future?"

"Whatever I please," answered the man so firmly he surprised himself.

Fay laughed and clapped her hands. "A truly noble stand," she said. "Will you know how to enjoy yourself, I wonder?"

"Will you show me?" counter-questioned Patterson, earnestly.

A breeze ruffled Fay's hair and blew a wisp across her lips. She caught it in her teeth, and held it an instant before answering.

"I will get you a treatise called, 'How a young man should amuse himself, with least trouble to said young man,' by Wonov' Em," she replied mischievously.

"Is there such a book?" asked Robert, seriously.

A peal of laughter was her answer—he smiled too. "Oh you can have good sport with me," he said, "I simply don't know anything, and my first big lesson will be to know people."

"I will teach you," volunteered the girl, looking away from him.

Mrs. Patterson was standing on the verandah when Fay and Robert walked up the steps together; she had been waiting half an hour past her usual lunch time, to see that Robert had the proper food and that his tea was not too strong. Just what her sensations were at seeing the pair together Fay could only dimly guess. She chose to ignore her, and tripped past, conscious that her first triumph was complete. The mother was frenzied at the sight of Robert in her company and Robert was "interested."

The next person in point of astonishment and wrath was Gordon Wylde; and had he and Mrs. Patterson been thrown together a strong bond would have united them—a oneness of purpose, the result of which would have gone far toward bringing about a widely different termination to the affairs of those concerned.

Wylde followed the girl into the rotunda. Robert, instantly tracked by his fond parent, followed the slim, graceful figure with his eyes; Mrs. Patterson's thoughts followed the glance of her son, accompanied by a shaft of venom.

"Coward!" said Gordon, in a low voice.

Fay turned inscrutable eyes upon him.

"Glutton!" remarked the man again, "What a curse is this thirst for conquest! Is not one man's abject serfdom sufficient?"

Although Fay's lips smiled, her eyes had the look of her father, as she answered,

"You know not whereof you speak. I have a score to pay."

CHAPTER XI.

The threatened storm of the day came to nothing, and the night was starlit and serene. Gordon walked moodily beside Fay Chester at the extreme end of the pier.

"I hate to go," he said at last. "There is an inexplicable premonition of something to happen in my absence—" he broke off abruptly. "See here Fay, what are you doing with the creature in toddling clothes?"

The girl laughed.

"I should not have thought you would stoop to jealousy of one so far your inferior," she replied, mockingly.

Gordon caught her wrist, roughly.

"Don't act that way, to-night," his voice was husky. "Don't!"

Fay pulled her hand away, and shrugged her shoulders. "I shall be glad to know you are in Mexico, for the gay senoritas there will probably be impressed by your ardent manner of wooing."

(It was the Pagan speaking, she knew.)

"When I come back, will you marry me?"

"No, no, no!"

"When will you?"

"Never."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Splendid! The only reason which could have convinced me," mocked Gordon, in his turn.

"Oh, Gordon," sighed Fay wearily, "don't spoil this lovely night. I should like to be peaceful."

"I am not spoiling it, dear," he answered more quietly, "I am trying to *make* it, I am trying to show you that we are made for one another, now and forever. You do love me girlie, I feel it. You do, though you fight it with all your splendid strength. You love me—" he repeated, with more passion than he meant to show, "and I love you. Kiss me—"

She backed from him, hastily.

"Don't be silly!"

"How original!" was Gordon's sarcastic comment. "If some of you women would only say, 'Now, let's be silly! what a relief it would be. But that is a digression; come, sit down and then for once I will make a supreme effort to be sensible. Tell me just why you cling so persistently to this thought of *friendship* with me? Do you not realize that it is impossible?"

Fay turned her face to his for a moment, then looked away.

"Quite," she said simply.

"Then why not let it go?"

"I am always hoping, hoping, hoping,—that," she went on, clasping her hands tightly together, "that you will see it my way, Gordon; that you will conquer yourself, as it were, and per-

ROBERT ROSE TO HIS FEET. "HAVE YOU LOST SOMETHING?" HE ASKED POLITELY

haps make a firm foundation for—for—us, instead of the flimsy one you have reared and labeled by the sacred name of Love. The first storm would shatter and splinter it—it would not hold. Besides you were never meant for a married man—by the same token, I am not a marrying woman. There is not a domestic hair in my head, and my dear fellow, we would not last."

Gordon moved restlessly. The timbre of Fay's voice thrilled him, the slight hesitation before "us," and her use of "we" in the possible future, made him long for a culmination of his desire. The very atmosphere seemed charged with her personality, and his head throbbed uncomfortably.

"You seem to consider my affections in the nature of a best dress," he said, "something to be taken out with care and worn on a fine day, then laid away in lavender, out of the strong light, until another auspicious occasion presents itself. I tell you, you are life to me—" he stopped to gain control over himself and Fay interrupted.

"You put it well, Gordon, I am life to you, in its *big* sense. I represent the culmination of a desire unfulfilled; possibly the only thing in life you have never won easily. You look at the big things, the hours, let us say, but what of the minutes which go to make up the hours, the little trivial things? We could never stand them together! We are accustomed only to our best selves, except when you are—hopeless." She laughed with just the faintest suggestion of nervousness, and Gordon waited, silently.

"You don't appreciate mankind in the making, so to speak; the ensemble appeals to you. Now I am always trying my best self on the dog (who is the dullest, most uninteresting person within easy reach), not that I want to impress the creature but to gain, or retain, my own confidence. Ten to one, *you* would be the dog, not dull or uninteresting, but because you would be within easy reach, and you would never have the benefit of my finished performance. Do you understand me?"

Gordon opened his lips to speak, but Fay, not waiting for an answer, continued.

"Fancy me, in the cold gray dawn of a February morning, with my hair in kid-curlers and a wealth of lanoline on a favorite pimple on my nose! Horrible!"

"Fay, you are childish in your absurdity."

"Not at all! Tell me, do you ever think of me as other than—what is that word you once used—oh, yes, '*svelte*.' Do you ever think of the minutes which go to make up the hours of life?"

"Certainly I do."

"I don't believe it; all the more because there is a strain of that in me too. I remember refusing a man I once thought seriously of marrying, after I had seen him with a cold in his head. I tell you, that is a severe test, my dear."

"Fay, listen—"

"And as for you, why I couldn't bear the idea of seeing you brush your teeth. Every sentiment I might have felt would be strangled."

Gordon laughed, which was precisely what Fay wished. If she could keep him arguing, the evening would end peacefully.

"Are you ever serious?" asked Wylde, impatiently. "I mean, will you ever take me seriously?"

"Not seriously, nor any other way; I wouldn't have you as a precious gift! There now, please don't lick my hand. I hate being licked, and I believe I have forgotten my handkerchief. Lend me yours."

As she held out her hand expectantly, Gordon lost himself, and letting discretion fly to the winds he caught the girl roughly to him and kissed her with burning, trembling lips.

"You madden me," he whispered, "and I think you know it."

Controlling her shuddering disgust, Fay leaned inertly against him for a moment, then covering her face with her hands, shivered violently.

"I couldn't stand it, Gordon, I couldn't really! The knowledge that you would have the right to kiss me—like that—would craze me beyond endurance. I should hate you—*hate you*—and I should strangle you some night as I kissed you."

Wylde closed his eyes and drew a sharp breath.

"It would be worth it," he murmured.

Rising, Fay moved slowly to the other side of the pier; a sudden sadness oppressed her; such a tangle as everything was in! Chester and Lorna and Northrop; the remembrance of Mrs. Patterson's words stung her afresh, and she bit her lip angrily; Gordon, herself and Robert—big, boyish, unsuspecting Robert. It offended her sense of honor to sacrifice him, for above all things Fay put a premium upon honor. She had never taken advantage of any one before; however, this time there seemed no help for it, and she put aside the still, small voice of conscience.

Gordon was such a trial, Gordon offering her a love which many another woman would sell her soul to possess even for a day. For an instant doubt assailed her—could it be that she was wrong, and that this was Love?

Another picture rose before her, that of her parents, uncongenial, unhappy for years, because of this mysterious, magnetic attraction, this fever of magnetism which had for one short hour bound them by something they had mistaken for life's best gift. For an instant the Reverend Artimus had been controlled by his senses, salving his intellect with the thought of reforming his wife.

Gordon sighed, and she came back to the present.

"It is trying for both of us," she said to herself. "As long as he can't have me, he will simply torment himself with longing; and as for me—I am tired struggling against the tide—the reaction is crushing. If I married him to be rid of him—" she swallowed hard to conquer the nausea this idea brought and shook her head vehemently; "it is too deep for me—I can't see my way out. What shall I do?"

There was a step on the pier and Fay turned to see young Patterson coming toward her. A superstitious thought occurred to her. Was this the answer?

"I have been looking for you," he said simply.

"Well, I am found, apparently Why did you look for me?"

Robert laughed a little.

"What a queer question! I don't know why I looked, unless it was because I wanted to see you. Will that answer do, Miss Chester? I wanted to see you, that's all."

Gordon smiled grimly in the semi-darkness.

Fay introduced the two men, and they walked slowly back to the hotel. Gordon's rude silence did not affect Robert in the least, he seemed quite oblivious to it, chatting unreservedly to Fay, as though the other man were not present.

"Did you ever know the mater, before?" he asked suddenly.

"I had met her," Fay answered, guessing what was coming. "Why?"

Robert laughed again. Had he given the matter serious thought he would have realized that in all his dull life he had never laughed so much before.

"She seemed perfectly bowled over this morning when we came back, and bothered me with all sorts of questions about you,—what you said, and what I said, how I knew you, and all that sort of rot."

"What did you tell her?" Even Gordon did not detect the shade of anxiety in Fay's voice; it would never do to be checked at the start.

"Oh, I didn't give her much satisfaction," the boy said, carelessly. "I told her that she wouldn't be interested; she never has been in your sort, you know." This was meant as a compliment, in contra-distinction to the working classes with whom Mrs. Patterson spent her waking hours.

"Mothers are often like that," Fay answered, pinching herself to keep from laughing, "becoming suddenly interested in their son's affairs, you know. Would you like to walk to the light-house to-morrow morning?"

"Fay!" protested Gordon, sharply, "I leave at eleven, have you forgotten?"

He was angry at this overgrown calf for intruding and spoiling his last hours with her; he was angry at her for playing such a childish role. If she *must* play with some one (in his

absence, of course) let her choose a real man.

Robert looked at Wylde for the first time, a little puzzled. He only vaguely understood the cause of such obvious annoyance, and was going to ask Fay to tell him, when she turned to him, and said in the softest, sweetest of voices:

"Let us go at half-past eleven, and take our lunch."

CHAPTER XII.

Fay threw herself with vim into the tete-a-tete picnic; her reasons were twofold; she wished to preclude any possibility of feeling a pang at Gordon's departure, and make hay against the imminent probability of showers, for, with guileless innocence Robert had confided after breakfast the gist of a nocturnal conversation with his mother to the effect that Southhaven was not agreeing with her.

"Which means that you will be going away soon?"

"Me? Oh no, hardly! I am going to stay as long as you do—if you will let me," he added with perfect frankness. "But the mater is a bit—"

"Peevish?" suggested the girl.

Patterson nodded. "I suppose she is so accustomed to having me around, she doesn't like me out of her sight, and—" he was a little at a loss for words, "she thinks I bother you too much."

Fay laughed merrily; she had every reason to be decidedly entertained in Gordon's absence, playing against Mrs. Patterson for this stake; she also had confidence that the game was already hers, being so far out of the spiteful creature's line.

"I am one of the queer people who are never bothered," answered Fay, "and we are going to be great friends, aren't we?"

"Well, rather!" Robert's enthusiasm was quite human. "Do you know," he went on, looking down at the figure beside him, with astonishing pleasure, "I feel as though I had known you all my life."

"How original!" mocked his companion, "all men say that."

"It *is* original for me," protested the boy. "You must remember that I have never known any one except that Harris boy and Mr. Canfrey; I never spoke to a girl in all my life, till—Jove, it was only yesterday!" He struggled thoughtfully with the stem of his pipe a moment, then looking up, said with a smile in his eyes:

"I am going to have an anniversary of my own, now. I am going to say, 'a week ago, Robert, you met Miss Chester; a month ago, Robert, you began to live; a year ago, Patterson, you were born.'"

"A year," mused Fay, "I wonder! Do you half realize how far we are swept from our intended landing in a year; a whole long year?"

"I have never had any landing, and now that I have one I am not going to be swept. I have always believed that one can do what one wishes, provided the desire is strong enough."

"Yes, I think that too, with a tiny proviso."

"Which is?"

"That we do not go at variance with the law of preservation of right; am I clear?"

"Not quite."

"Well, suppose you were married to a woman you hated and wished her dead; I don't believe that the strongest desire in the world would kill her; suppose you wished a bank to fail, from purely revengeful motives, I don't see any reason why it should fail. These are extreme cases, of course, but I want to make plain the point that it must be an achievement worth while, which we accomplish when we desire it!"

"An achievement worth while!" What had she said; what was she doing? She went back over her words, purely revengeful motives—nature protects her own—would Robert be protected from her? "But I am not even concentrating" she argued, "to be sure yesterday I went out of my way to reach him, but Fate would have managed that sooner or later anyway. At any rate from this moment I am passive. If his mother can take him back, let her. I am going to be my-

self—just myself (and the Pagan), utterly regardless of how I appear to him, that's more than I can say of any other man alive."

And somewhere the Pagan laughed—sang—he was at liberty!

They talked of every subject imaginable—these two; of Life and, Death, of the mysterious Hereafter; they talked of books and science, though about the former Robert was distressingly prosy; they talked a little of love and reverted ever to the most absorbing theme under the deep blue, cloud-flecked southern sky—the Thou and I. Fay soon found that Robert's mind was quite on a par with Gordon's although he was not so apt at expressing himself on these subjects of her choosing, which were evidently new to him. The long years of association with Mr. Canfrey had made him clumsy at discussing any subject, and those he talked of to the girl were brought out from the storehouse of his brain and shown daylight for the first time.

He explained this to Fay.

"My thoughts are hard to get at," he said. "They seem to be done up in numberless wrappings, which I have to undo until I get to the bottom of the parcel. The wrappings are my conversations with you, which teach me what I really think."

"I often think of my mind as a book case," Fay replied, "a big musty old thing, extending some distance into the wall. Now the books toward the front, with the titles easily distinguishable, are the things we know and can speak of at a moment's notice, such as names of celebrities, and so on; on the next row back, a little out of the light, so that I must bend close to see, are such books as incidents in the career of some one like Confucius or Erasmus, or Pythagoras; some one that I don't know any too much about. Way back, quite in the dark, and covered with dust and cobwebs, is still another row. These volumes are things I have once known and possibly in my short sighted ignorance considered useless, so I put them away, never thinking they would be needed. Some one will ask the context of a quotation. Then I reach in past the two rows, scrape a few cobwebs off and begin to feel along the line of books, going through the alphabet before I eventually find what I seek for, I contend that anything we once knew is never really forgotten. The remembering of it is only a matter of concentration."

"The book-case plan is adopted," Robert said firmly, as though it had been a matter for argument; and Fay had the comfortable feeling that her whimsical idea had been followed both understandingly and appreciatively.

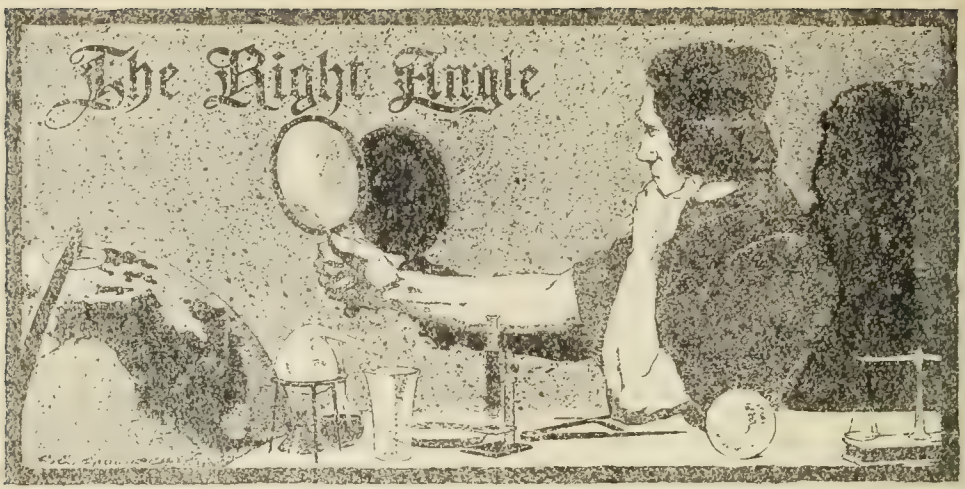
"How old are you?" Robert asked one day, turning to look fondly at the girl stretched full length on the sand beside him.

"Years and years," she answered vaguely. "But you must never ask a woman that question. Among other things I have to teach you, are the polite 'dont's.' Don't ever tell a woman she has a pimple or freckles. Don't notice a stray gray hair; rest assured her dressing table is in a bad light, and she has overlooked it, and don't ever ask her age. You may guess it, subtracting five, if you think she is over thirty, eight, if over forty, or three if she is somewhere in the twenties. But never, Robert, on pain of ostracism from polite society, *never really* guess it!"

"Just the same, I want to know," the man insisted. "I haven't an idea. Sometimes, I think you must be thirty, you have crowded so much into your mind, and other days you seem just like a playful child, without a serious thought, or a responsibility. Do you know, you are two distinct people?"

"Two," echoed Fay, laughing, "many, many more than two! Boy, I have a sad time introducing myself to the name people call me by at times."

To be continued



MR. LANG ON "THE SOWING."

MR. S. E. LANG, of the Manitoba Normal School, has written an interesting review of Emerson Hough's latest book, "The Sowing," which ran as a serial in CANADA MONTHLY and which is now in its second edition in book form. Differing from Mr. Hough in some important details, Mr. Lang nevertheless agrees with him in the main issue. Indeed, it is interesting to notice the singleness of viewpoint of the Canadian and the Yankee. Mr. Lang's review follows:

There is no change of greater significance in the history of education in modern times than the change from the individualistic to the social point of view. It is not so very long ago that the definitions of education were constructed upon the presupposition that education was to be regarded as a purely individual matter, and it is a striking commentary upon the inherent conservatism of the human mind that the great mass of people in middle life or past middle life find the greatest difficulty in adjusting themselves to the idea of education as a social rather than an individual matter. The man in the street if asked why he sends his child to school is likely to reply that he sends him there in order that he may be better prepared for the struggle of life, that he may be sent forth a few years hence into the great world able to fight for his own, able to win his way and secure for himself in the struggle and scramble of life a fair share of the good things that the world has to offer. If you were to ask him whether he desires that his boy should be equipped for becoming a master or for becoming a servant, he would probably stare at you in amazement. The answer would be given with the vigor of conviction. He is to be prepared at school to win his way and assert himself to secure his rights as an individual; to be a master, in short, not to be a servant.

And yet from the modern point of view, this very natural attitude of the man in the street is all wrong. It would be easy to show historically how he came to adopt that attitude, and as has been already indicated, for these very historical reasons it is very difficult for him to change it. But mere individual efficiency can never serve as the true aim of our educational activities. The pushful, hustling, anti-social type in the community is not the type that our schools ought to aim at producing. Our schools have in the past tended to produce this type, and it is unfortunately true that to a very considerable extent, that type is still being produced, but the aim and effort of the modern teacher is to change all that and to make social efficiency and not individual efficiency the aim and purpose of the work of the school.

The theory that the state is responsible for the education of the people needs no exposition or defence at this time of day, for every one recognizes that if the community fails to train its recruits, it must go down in the economic struggle. That is generally recognized; but it is not so generally recognized that the type of citizen best fitted for the preservation of the state at large is not the anti-social individual spoken of above, but the man who recognizes his social duties and has the disposition to perform them, the man whose attitude to the world at large is determined by the ideal of social service. This, it will be seen, is far enough away from the ideal dominating the man in the street, of whom mention was made a little while ago.

Social efficiency, then, must be the dominating idea in all our educational arrangements. This principle serves not only

as a guide to the character of the instruction and discipline of our schools, but also serves to point out the direction of educational effort at large. Any scheme for the amelioration of human life, any proposal to extend the activities of the government along new educational lines must stand this test: Does the proposed scheme tend to promote and secure social efficiency in the national organism? Does it tend on the whole to raise or to lower national efficiency?

Mr. Emerson Hough has written a book, entitled "The Sowing," with a sub-title, "A Yankee's View of England's Duty to Herself and to Canada." This book would probably find a place in the library with books on social or political economy; but since its purpose seems to be to advocate an educational project of a novel kind, it might just as well go on the educational shelf. Mr. Hough is the author of a number of books—"The Mississippi Bubble," "54-40 or Fight," and others, and from internal evidence one might judge that this is his first excursion into the educational field, or the social field of investigation. Briefly stated, Mr. Hough's proposal is that an educational experiment on a very large scale should be attempted on the clay belt lands controlled by the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Railways. He proposes that steps should be taken to provide training in agriculture for that very large class of immigrants who come from the cities and towns of the old country, and who, owing to the character of their previous occupations, are more likely to fail in Canada than to succeed.

The class of immigrant which Mr. Hough has in mind is at the present time under our Canadian law practically debarred from this country. The Canadian government has very properly set severe limits upon the character of the immigrants who shall hereafter be admitted. The aim at present is to secure the highest possible number of fit and efficient men to people our immense plains. We know by sad experience that we cannot afford to relax our vigilance in this regard. Canada needs settlers, but she needs settlers of the highest type. It is absurd to suppose that any self-respecting government could consent to allow the unfit, the misfits, the undesirables, and the inefficients of other countries to flock indiscriminately into Canada to take possession of our fair heritage. Britain recognizes the soundness of this position, recognizes that the problems of poverty and social inefficiency which arise in every community cannot be properly solved in any such way as that. It is the recognized duty of every community to bear the responsibility of looking after those inefficient members of the community who are the legitimate product of the political and economic system under which they have been reared.

But Mr. Emerson Hough proposes that a great co-operative scheme should be undertaken, under which land could be obtained in sufficient amount and the proper conditions secured for the right training of individuals of the class mentioned, who, after undergoing the treatment and training indicated, would thereafter be in a position to go on to the land and become useful, self-supporting members of the community. The elements in the problem are few and apparently simple. Here is Canada much in need of population. On the other side of the water there is a surplus population of enormous extent. Bring the people to the land. Give them a year or two of training under strict supervision and on a strictly economic basis before putting them upon land of their own. You will thus add to the effective population of Canada, relieve the stress of poverty of thousands,—thus improving the economic position of both Canada and Britain,—and accomplish it all by the help of a little judicious management and education.

There is, however, another aspect to this question besides the educational one. There is the political aspect. If the advocates of this plan could secure capital in sufficient amount to carry it successfully through with the assistance and consent of our Department of the Interior, the first idea to suggest itself to the mind of the average man would be: Why not make our own people the beneficiaries of this splendid scheme? There are in the eastern cities of Canada at the present time a very considerable number of people whose economic position, although as a whole it is not as bad as that of the class of people Mr. Hough has in mind, is nevertheless sufficiently deplorable, and the principle that charity begins at home, or better still, the principle that education should begin at home, would seem to indicate the right path of educational endeavour in the premises.

Mr. Hough's book is well worth reading, although in places it is not very well written. Mr. Hough says a great deal about the logic of the situation and makes many passionate pleas for dispassionate reasoning upon the matter in hand, but he evidently feels his subject too keenly to be able to keep perfectly calm all the time. The astounding imprecation on page thirty-four of the book, to take one example, suggests a state of mind hardly compatible with the calm pursuit of truth. Again, it is impossible to read of "the ghost of Patrick Henry standing at the shoulder of Clifford Sifton" without amusement. It was intended to be very impressive, of course, but it is too absurd. Nor is he quite as clear upon the meaning of the terms he uses as might be desired. For example, he speaks on page two of going "to the desperate extreme of socialism, saying that since governments oppress we should have none." The ordinary meaning of the term socialism suggests not the absence of government, but a condition where the government undertakes to regulate to the fullest extent *all* social activities. "Sometimes confusing government with conditions which arise under government, we have in seeking to set the world tribal again,

that is to say, turn back the stars in their courses, gone to the extreme of socialism saying that since governments oppress we should have none, but should divide the products of the world equally, the weak with the strong—the step from socialism to anarchy being an easy one after touch is lost with the old idea of the survival of each unit through its own efforts, up to its own measure of fitness." It is regrettable that Mr. Hough should be guilty of a sentence built on such a plan as this, and it is only one of many such in his book. While upon this topic one might mention also the irritating habit of misplacing the modifying words in his sentences. There are dozens of examples of such carelessness.

However, these are mere trifles, and do not of course really detract from the general merit of the book. The book attempts to deal seriously with an undoubtedly important sociological problem, and the remedy which Mr. Hough suggests for a dreadful disease in the body politic is one which is bound to compel the attention of politicians as well as educators.

Questions of education, as has been pointed out already, are to be approached from the standpoint of the good of the total social organism. The final verdict with regard to Mr. Hough's scheme will be determined on this basis. Is it well for Canada as a whole that she should undertake to supervise the training of a large number of inefficient town-bred men now belonging practically to the submerged fraction of the British population in the hope of fitting them for the status of Canadian citizenship? This is a fair question and deserves a fair answer. Frankly, it seems to a native-born Canadian, who knows something of pioneer life in this country, that the answer must be in the negative.

But the educational scheme is a good one. Let us turn our attention to those members of our own Canadian community who because they do not fit into their present environment, are gradually descending in the social scale and swelling the already too large body of inefficients. For them we are responsible, either because of mismanagement in our own household, or because we have good-naturedly opened our doors to the inefficients from other lands. Let us direct our educational efforts towards the reclaiming of our own people in our eastern cities.

Mr. Hough deserves credit for the goodwill and the courage displayed in his book. He has grappled bravely with a very tremendous problem. It is to his credit that he has not left the problem exactly where he found it, as the manner of some is. On the contrary, he has suggested concretely and clearly a plan of action for solving it, and we heartily commend this book to serious students of politics and education.

Mr. Lang's conclusions would seem to limit Canada's responsibility, morally and industrially. He would have this responsibility national, not imperial. Nevertheless, he agrees with Hough that, since we have good-naturedly opened our doors to Europe's poor, the work of reclaiming our own people in our eastern cities will necessarily involve also the education of those deserving strangers from other lands who have made our cities their homes.

SMILES

BY S. E. KISER.

IF THERE were smiles for sale
  At some fair market where
The rich, the poor, the low, the high,
Might hurry with their change, to buy,
  What crowds would gather there!

Yet there are smiles enough,
  And each might have his share,
If every man would do or say
One—just one—kind thing every day
  To lift some other's care.

A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

A PRIMA DONNA WHO SINGS

IT MAY seem odd to emphasize the fact that a prima donna can sing but in these days of "made" stars, who blossom forth over night and have apparently nothing to recommend them to public attention, it is as refreshing as unusual to hear a singer on the musical comedy stage who can boast of a real voice.

Such an one is Miss Louise Gunning, who is starring again this year in *Marcelle*, the Pixley-Luders operetta, which kept her in New York all last season.

It seems certain that nothing but the star's voice has prevented the production from lapsing into obscurity, for of itself it is as trivial and inconsequent as a summer breeze. Not even the valiant efforts of Jess Dandy, who is being "featured", can relieve the monotony. Indeed, Mr. Dandy's best line is that historic phrase from *The Prince of Pilsen*, "Vas you efer in Zinzin-att-i?"

But the desert blossoms as the rose when Miss Gunning comes forth and begins to warble. Trills and cadenzas fall from her throat like pearls from the mouth of the fairy-tale lady, and one sits back and listens with joy to a voice "as *is*" a voice.

The pretty little star has had one of those careers which cause stage-struck girls to leave home, for it isn't many years ago since Miss Gunning was a member of a Baptist choir in a small New Jersey town. Her father was a minister, and parental opposition to the stage was strong and vigorous.

The little girl with the red hair persisted, however, and obtained her first opportunity with Charles Hoyt, who picked so many winners. Since then her rise has been rapid, and now, with the exception of Fritzi Scheff, there is no better singer on the light opera stage.

Moreover, Miss Gunning is delightfully ambitious and studies continually. Her present singing-master, to whom she ascribes the credit for her undoubted improvement during the last two years, is a Canadian, Arthur Lawrason, a native of London, Ontario, who has been wonderfully successful in New York.

Certain it is that Miss Gunning's voice has gained in depth, richness and color as well as in flexibility and volume. And if it be due to a Canadian teacher, let's give three cheers for Canada! To have developed a voice like that is worth while.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S BUSINESS CAPACITY

IT IS said that *The Chaperon*, which Maxine Elliott has used as her starring vehicle for two seasons, has netted that beautiful young woman some $70,000.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MAXINE ELLIOTT

Considered one of the most beautiful women on the American stage to-day

Problem! If Miss Elliott can make $70,000 in two seasons out of a play which is so weak, so tenuous and so absolutely inconsequential, what would she make with a really good play?

But then, of course, the play is not the thing with Miss Elliott. She is a beauty and genuine beauties are rare, even on the stage, so that the public is ready to spend good money—and three

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

HAZEL ADELE
One of the beauties in *The Old Town*

hours of time—to gaze at the classic contours and the rich coloring of Miss Elliott's face, and to listen to the mellifluous tones of Miss Elliott's voice.

Briefly, the story of *The Chaperon* is this: An American girl has married a French "nobleman," Count Van Tuyle, only to discover that she has made an exceedingly bad bargain. Returning to the States, she finds herself acting as chaperon to a house-party which includes the lover of her youth, yclept Jim Ogden.

Jim and the Countess go out for a canoe ride and are wrecked on an island where they are forced to spend the night on the rocks. In the cold

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

KITTY GORDON

The English prima donna with Sam Bernard in *The Girl and the Wizard*

grey dawn the Count arrives, also in a canoe, and threatens to cause a scandal unless his terms are met. The Countess steals her husband's canoe and leaves the two men to fight it out.

Needless to say, the "American" lover, by means of brute force, compels the Count to become more reasonable and Jim and the Countess go back to their childhood troth. Such is the thread on which hangs the story of the *Chaperon* and it lasts for three hours! Great is the patience of the theatre-goer!

MADAME X.

ARE we beginning, like the Germans, to take our pleasures sadly? Do we really crave to have our feelings harrowed, to have tears run down our cheeks, to be convulsed with sobs when we go to the theatre?

It would seem so from the success which has been the portion of *Madame X*, Henry W. Savage's new production.

Many critics contend that *Madame X* is "nothing but a melodrama," the answer to which is that life iself is

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

CHRISTINE BLESSING
With Madame X

nothing but a melodrama; that things occur daily which are as tragic, as melodramatic as any stage could depict. And, after all, isn't it better to get some good, red blood into our plays, something that is really vital and heart-

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

AUGUSTA GLOSE

Who introduced the pianologue in vaudeville.

gripping, rather than to go through a succession of French farces or dreary musical comedies.

The story is this: The pretty and charming wife of a successful Parisian lawyer believes that her husband is so absorbed in his practice as to be totally oblivious to her charms. Dissatisfied with her life, she deserts her husband and her infant son, and runs away with a man who promises more devotion, but after two years of this life, she hears of her baby son's illness, and going to her husband, begs to be taken back. He repudiates her in the harshest of terms; her lover dies and she is cast into the streets.

Twenty years elapse. The pretty,

well-dressed woman of the prologue has become a slatternly drab who appears at a country hotel with her latest lover, a scoundrel who has returned to France to engage in a blackmailing scheme with a pair of pettifogging lawyers. Their plan is to unearth the skeleton in the closet of some wealthy man and then blackmail him for money to keep them from publishing the details to the world.

The new recruit has gathered enough of his companion's story to realize that her career offers a splendid field for investigation, and he determines to question her more minutely. She perceives his object, however, and after a passionate outburst of anger, in which she declares that her son shall not be injured, his prospects in life ruined by the revelation of his mother's degradation, she seizes a revolver and shoots her paramour through the heart.

Questioned by the police, she refuses to reveal her identity; refuses to give any reason for the murder; refuses to see a lawyer or even to look at the name of the man who has undertaken her case. Failing any other name, the police christen her "Madame X," and under this title her trial is conducted. It is not until the trial is half over that she discovers in the young lawyer who is defending her so eagerly, her own son, and looking round, she sees her husband among the judges.

It is a dramatic moment in the action of the play, and there are few dry eyes in the house when the son concludes his fervent appeal for the life of this woman whom he does not know as his mother. Her husband, meanwhile, has recognized his wife, and is consumed with remorse for the wreck of the life that had once been entrusted to him. When the case against her is dismissed, he tells his son, and the two hasten to her to offer her every reparation in their power. But it is too late. She is dead.

THE AFTERMATH

TRAGIC as *Madame X* is, there is a most amusing aftermath to lighten the gloom of its conclusion.

Weeping women crowd the aisles; handkerchiefs are so soaked with tears that if they were wrung out, a young rivulet would wash out the threatre, and powder-puffs are so in demand that one would think the druggists might be willing to give the author of the play a premium.

In the ladies' dressing room a small tempest is in progress, Sobs rend the air and tears moisten the atmosphere. A pretty girl, dabbing at her red eyes and nose with a useless powder-puff, says forlornly to her friend, in equally bad condition, "I've used up all the powder on my puff. *Do* you think you could loan me some of yours?"

And her companion shakes her head, sadly "No! I've used all mine too." Tragedy upon tragedy. Red nose, red eyes—and no powder. It is to weep.

Over in the corner a little woman has her head in her hands, sobbing hopelessly. One wonders if the tragedy has touched some experience in her own life, recalling painful memories, or if she is merely overcome by the sadness of the play.

One leaves the dampness, however, and departs into the outer air, glad that after all, it was "only a play."

OUR ADVISERS

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

IT'S them that has nothin' to worry about
That tells us "Don't Worry."
It's them that has nothin' to hurry about
That tells us "Don't Hurry."

It's them that don't need to be spendin' a cent
That tells us "Don't Spend It";
It's them that don't care who'd be lendin' a cent
That tells us "Don't Lend It."

The Do It Now sign always swings on the wall
Of them that Don't Do It—
Advice, an' suggestions, an' things on the wall—
There ain't nothin' to it!

AN EXHAUSTIVE CODE

EMILY.—"Why are you waving your handkerchief?"

Angelina.—"Since papa has forbidden Tom the house we have arranged a code of signals."

Emily.—"What is it?"

Angelina.—"When he waves his handkerchief five times, that means 'Do you love me?' and when I wave frantically in reply, it means 'Yes darling.' "

Emily.—"And how do you ask other questions?"

Angelina.—"We don't. That's the whole code."

A BIG ONE

I WOULD not be a hunter—No!—
And slay the elephants
For fear that through my life I'd go
Pursued by frightful ha'nts.

Of all the awful ghosts and things
By which one is accursed
I'm sure that though it has no wings
The elephantom's worst!

WHERE IT WAS NEEDED

"THERE you go again!" exclaimed the friend. "Kicking as usual. And you are the man who said a month ago that he intended making it a rule to speak all the kind words he could each day to at least one person."

"I'm following that rule," explained the man with the frown. "I'm following it. I'm speaking the kind words to myself each chance I get. I found that I needed them more than anybody else."

AVY AND THE AVIATOR

AN aviator aviated to a heathen isle,
Inhabitated by cannibal and by the alligator—
Queen Avy was the ruler there; she met him with a smile.
Queen Avy does not aviate; she ate the aviator.